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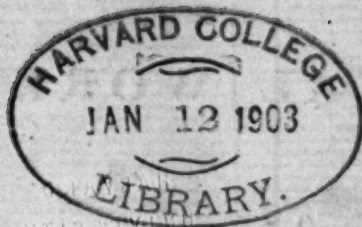
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The reader is desired to correct the following errors :

VOL. I. Page 5. line 6. for *prevent* read *present*.
 P. 21. l. 12. for *eternal* read *external*. P. 31. l. 14.
 for *tumbles* read *tumbl'd*. P. 76. l. 5. for *trill* read
hill. P. 78. l. 3. for *Harries* read *Haines*. P. 131,
 last line, for *bid* read *bade*.

VOL. II. Page 64. line 4th from the bottom, for
rustic ay read *rustic lay*. P. 90. l. 11. for *babble*
 read *bauble*.

The reader is referred to consult the following errors:

Vol. I. Page 2. Line 1. for present read present.
P. 21. L. 12. for present read present. P. 21. L. 14.
for present read present. P. 7. L. 2. for will read
will. P. 21. L. 2. for present read present. P. 21.
L. 12. for present read present.
Vol. II. Page 64. Line 4. for present read present.
P. 21. L. 12. for present read present. P. 21. L. 14.
for present read present.

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P R E F A C E.

ALL hail, SUBSCRIPTION! 'tis to thee we owe
The plenteous fruits, which from invention grow.
Without thy aid, full oft the toiling bard
Would lose unpitied his deserv'd reward,
And genius languish in the cave of night,
Nor once look forward to the dawn of light:
But propt by thee, the poet kens his way,
Creeps from his cell, and ventures into day.

B H. So

So from the lofty rock, that threatens the sky,
The coaxing eagle tempts her young to fly,
And should they shrink, upon her back she'll bear
The little tremblers through the deep of air,
Till by degrees recover'd from their fright,
They with their parent dare an equal flight.

Severe his lot—his lot severe indeed,
Whose stars compel him in the hour of need
To write for bookfellers:—for those he woos,
With awkward suit, the coy, reluctant muse,
For those is doom'd in strange, affected style,
Or dull narration hist'ry to compile,
Else in romance, with idle notions fraught,
To tumble round and round the wire of thought,
His joyless time in tedious vigils weart,
His all the drudg'ry—all the profit theirs.

When

When in the East the sun exalts his horn,
And active mounts the rapid wings of morn,
Till eve begins her twilight to diffuse,
And genial clouds drop down the fat'ning dews,
Must the world-weary, pensive author write,
Nor cease his labors till the depth of night.
For whom—for what—for a vile race of men,
And small acknowledgment, he holds the pen.
Satire ! how much thy absence I regret !
Forgive I may, but can't—I can't forget.

Not half so wretched are the slaves who toil
For Christian traders in a distant soil,
Who there, like brutes, are daily bought and sold,
Inhuman traffic ! for accursed gold.
Are they not born as naturally free,
As much the sons of liberty as we !

Shall tyrant custom, nature's law invade,
And leagu'd with int'rest justify the trade?
Justice, to which most dear regard is due,
Must that be quash'd to gratify the few?
As well the highwayman to ev'ry purse
May claim a right, because 'tis his by force.
Go thou! who wouldst adopt this dev'lish plan,
And make no diff'rence 'twixt a brute and man,
Detested wretch! who, for the sake of pelf,
Wouldst damn mankind, and even damn thyself,
All tender ties, all social order crush,
Hence to thy closet—hence, and learn to blush!
Go! seek humanity—her path explore—
Nature will guide thee—but religion more.
Th' indignant muse, perhaps, in future time
May lash, and all good men condemn the crime.

All

P R E F A C E.

v

All hail, SUBSCRIPTION! for 'tis thine to pour
The ray of comfort o'er the springing flow'r
Of infant genius—it is thine to guard,
With watchful eye, the blossoms of the bard.
Cheer'd by thy kindly warmth, they thrive apace,
And each new day present a newer grace,

SUBSCRIPTION, hail! nor let the tongue of fame
Mutter one slanderous accent o'er my name.
Let her not rashly stigmatize the mode,
Since greater far than I pursue this road.
In point of meanness—who deserves the sneer,
The begging poet, or the begging peer?
Tho' hard, much harder is the poet's fate,
Not meaner he than mendicants of state.

When venal candidates of narrow soul
Intreat your votes, your interest and poll,

Join

Join un-abash'd the rudest ranks of life,
And hug the cobbler, and the cobbler's wife,
When such tall men beneath their state descend,
(Then most a foe, when each seems most a friend)
Say, gentle reader ! where's the mighty crime
In this petition, from a man of rhyme ?
One trifling diff'rence, worthy some regard,
Exists between the candidate and bard.
'Tis only this—the one forgets his word,
And one remembers benefits conferr'd.

What ! tho' the numbers of my lowly lay
To ears refin'd no swelling sound convey,
Some soft pathetic note perchance may fall,
And charm the few, altho' it charm not all.
Whilst the blithe lark expands his lofty wing,
And makes the sky with nobler music ring,

Amidst

Amidst the bushes humbly perch'd at ease,
Yet sure the wren, the little wren may please.

When first I touch'd the lyre in early days
The critics listen'd, and vouchsaf'd their praise;
At my young efforts with good nature smil'd,
And deem'd my fancy natural, tho' wild.
Whene'er they blam'd, well-pleas'd I strove to mend,
Each censure was the censure of a friend.
And will they now at one rude touch destroy
This little all, this remnant of my joy;
So soon retard my progress, and so soon
Dis-chord that harp themselves have put in tune?
Then farewell all those fancies of the brain,
That, like an opiate, lull'd the sense of pain,
With mirth's fair flow'rets fill'd my pleasant way,
And made the winter of misfortune gay.

But

But from the Aonian mount should I be driv'n,
Still must I turn toward the poet's heav'n,
Turn and look back—for when tremendous death
Of late stood grim to catch my parting breath,
And steep'd my temples in his cold, damp dews,
My only comfort was the SACRED MUSE.

SUBSCRIPTION ! hail again ! from thee alone
What schemes imperfect have most perfect grown !
From thy support what hospitals arise !
Thou hear'st the widow's and the orphan's cries,
Bid'st the rough storm of rude misfortune cease,
And sorrow's bed become the bed of peace.

Nor is this all—for in a large degree
Our very pastimes are sustain'd by thee.
Hence is compil'd with more than common care
That learned work—the *Sporting Calendar*.

The greatest—smallest names, that mark the age,
Appear prefix'd to dignify the page.

Would it not therefore argue much more sense,
Like *Tuting*, and like *Fawconer* *, to commence

A horse-flesh author, than to earn my bread
By writing moral lines, which few will read.

Then ev'ry critic cur might I deride,
Whilst full *Subscription* roll'd its broadest tide.

Exult, ye happy, scientific pair!

Like you few poets, few historians fare.

Illustrious twins! in your records we see

The utmost consequence of pedigree.

Not with more nice correctness can we trace

In parish registers the Christian race.

But how are all things warp'd from their intent,

To answer purposes that ne'er were meant!

Was

* Editors of the *Sporting Calendar*.

Was not the horse, the gen'rous horse design'd
To exercise, divert, and serve mankind?
Thanks to the grand refiners of the times,
Behold him now the instrument of crimes!
Pshaw! what are crimes—that in these gallant days
Lead on to riches, and in course to praise,
Tho' they condemn plebeians to a cord,
(So fashion wills) they're virtues in a lord.
Kingdoms of old (if right the poet sings)
Adopted all the morals of their kings.
Or vice or virtue—in the subjects breast
ROYAL EXAMPLE ever stood confest,
Would ev'ry Briton but this maxim own,
And nobly strive to copy from the throne,
Virtue once more throughout the realm would smile,
And prove the firmest bulwark to our isle.

SUBSCRIPTION, once more hail!—hail and farewell!
Tho' on thy praise much longer could I dwell.
Depriv'd of thee would *Brindley* plod in vain:
Thou draw'st the water from his dropsy'd brain;
And through thy bounty, rarely known to fail,
He sinks the mountain, and uplifts the vale,
Pervades the rock, and (wond'rous to declare!)
With rolling rivers almost drowns the air.
Since thus through thee this engineer pursues
The navigable plan his fancy brews,
Thanks to my friends—all thanks—who at my call
Subscribe to this poetical canal,
And tho' no barges down its current float,
I hope at least they'll find a pleasure-boat.

THE F. A. C. E.

FOR THE F. A. C. E.

THE F. A. C. E.

THE F. A. C. E.

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MOCK INVOCATION

TO

G E N I U S.

I Now solicit not the muses nine,
Terpsichore jig-dancing, *Clio* fam'd
For bold romance in history, or thee,
Goddeſs land-measuring, *Thalia* call'd:
Nor thee, *Euterpe*! do I ſupplicate,
Flute-am'rous virgin, or that other maid,

Erato

Erato hight, renown'd for wanton tale

Rifi-ferous, or lively song jocose.

Urania too I leave, star-gazing fair,

And dear *Calliope*, who first produc'd

Harmonious bag-pipe, causing ev'ry child

In Scotland's dreary region to rejoice ;

And thee, *Melpomene* ! with blubber'd face,

I quit disdainful ; neither will I pay,

Hymn-singing methodist, of phiz demure,

Oh *Polyhymnia* ! one salute to thee !

Sooner I'd kneel unto the *modern nine*

Alike perfection'd, tho' a virgin's name

They cannot boast—to hornpipe-loving *Moll*,

Nymph of the blackest eyes where all are black,

Born in some vizio leading to the street

Expansive of Saint Giles—or unto thee

I'd

I'd rather bend, Oh ballad-learned quean,
Amber-hair'd *Susan*! thee, whose twanging voice
Hath often stop'd the drayman, and his dray.
Or sooner would I seek relief from *Nell*,
Town-tramping, oyster-laden—or from thee,
Soap-lath'ring *Bess*, the chief of all thy train,
Great mistress of the washing-tub, well-skill'd
In friction ambi-dext'rous. Ye, my fair!
Ye first should have my vows, green vendent *Peg*!
(Than whom none sooner decks the verdant stall
With fruit cucumerous) and shrimp-crown'd *Doll*,
In alehouse well-agniz'd, with brawny *Jane*,
Who constant plies the market, basket-arm'd.
Nor less doth deep-mouth'd, piscatory *Kate*,
(Whose voice is melody through all the realm
Of *Billinggate*, admir'd for flow of words

And

And well-tim'd oratory, far beyond
Whate'er St. Stephen's clamant sons can boast)
Or brick-dust *Nan* attract my due regard.
But these I not invoke—for at thy shrine
Alone, Oh GENIUS! do I kneel devout
With galligaskins pure, that never yet
Needed the aid of dust-expelling brush.

Whate'er in future I presume to write
Adventurous—or grand majestic ode
Of import lofty, or the tender song
Dulci-sonant—or whether on the plain
Of panegyric smooth, with daisies pied,
My lays I frame, or tread the thorny road
That leads to where rough satire lifts her rod
Thrice dipt in brine—be ready to my aid,

Thou

Thou great original!—in each attempt
 Do thou legitimate each bastard thought!
 Teach me the bellows of thy forge to blow
 With skill superior, and redoubled force,
Super-vulcanian—so the mounting sparks
 Of fire-eyed Fancy shall present their charms, 5
 And on thine anvil shall I hammer out
 The thought chaotic to prefulgid form.

I would not be correct—that were to rob
 The Lord Chief Justice Critic of his due.
 'Tis his alone to judge—'tis his to eat
 Thy literary meal—to give the food
 Shouldst thou omit, rath famine would ensue,
 For want of accuracy art thou deem'd
 Culprit inglorious. What! art thou to stop

C

When

6 A MOCK INVOCATION

When tame correctness bids thee--then change cloaths,
And let the MASTER to the *footman* yield.
No--keep thy mettle--like a colt unbroke
Run forth at large--distance the sons of art
Dropfy'd with pride, and shew the bungling train
Thou hast a spirit never to be tam'd.
Let not the dons, in academic lore
Pre-eminent, with supercilious brow
Exult amain, and deem thee all their own
Great *ubiquarian*!--for in garret vile
(Whose walls with *Arachnean* tapestry,
Shaming the finest gauze, are hung superb,
Light-floating--where resides the man obscure,
Of mind enlarg'd--whose hard uncurtain'd bed,
Tho' lin'd with flock, contentment strews with down)
Have I not known thee, in good-natur'd hour,

Hold

Hold conference sublime? Descending thence
To alehouse snug, have I not seen thee fit
With ragged pupils, and with these imbibe
Care-soothing porter, and enjoy the tube
Igniferous? If such thy humour sweet,
And condescension mild, perhaps in time
(Oh thought of rapture!) thou mayst visit ME.

TO CHARLES

Hold confidence, believe in the future
To which I have I not seen time in
With equal feeling and with equal hope
Can I believe in you, and every other
I believe in it, for the future is
And confidence will be in time
(Of the spirit of nature) then may I say

W I G.

FROM clime to clime the roving restless muse,
As pilot Fancy leads, her path pursues.
Her active mind disposes her to roam,
For she'd be *hyp'd*, if she remain'd at home;
Nor could the tincture-monger *HILL* restore
That strength of spirits she possess'd before.

Oft on the mountain's brow she stands sublime,
And reads the long prophetic rolls of time!

Descend-

Descending thence into the verdant vale,
She frames the rural song, the rural tale;
The song, the tale, beneath some rural shade,
To please the rural swain, the rural maid;
Then from the meadow culls a posied store,
And culls, and culls, till she can cull no more.
Anon she sits beside some silver stream,
Whimpers in taste, and *Damon* is her theme,
Invokes sweet *Eccho* to repeat the strain,
And wind it through the air—but all in vain;
For to such lifeless tame *da capo* dead,
And grown quite weary, *Eccho*'s gone to bed.
Perish those strains, with florid nonsense fraught,
The dreams of love, and lullabies of thought.
A vale's a vale, a hill is but a hill,
Let colourists adorn them as they will.

Peace

Peace to all such—when Nature shews her face
Radiant with nought but her own native grace,
How like a virgin doth she charm the sight,
And fill the sense with rapturous delight !
But when vile bards, from coxcomb Fancy's store,
Have trimm'd and dress'd her like a common whore,
The beauteous goddess is no longer known,
For art has chang'd each feature from her own.
Disdaining this, be ours to range the heath,
And form a gay, knick-knackatory wreath ;
A wreath, which he who once has learn'd to twine
May fit, and snap his fingers at the *Nine*.

Of that vast tow'ring ornament of hair,
Which judges, counsel, and no-counsel wear,
(Thro' which deceit oft blinks with artful eyes,
And grins in secret at the grave disguise,

With

With which attornies dignify the face,
Grown up to devils imps from babes of grace,
Deaf to the tender pleadings of distress,
Disgraces to the study they profess,
Curs'd with low cunning, and with sly pretence,
Which they, like many fools, mistake for sense,
Who to themselves each good fat cause reserve,
And nobly feast on't, while their clients starve,
Those pests, from whom unnumb'red ills accrue,
Who fix dishonour on the WORTHY FEW)
I sing undaunted, panting to explore
A path to Helicon unknown before.

Of that vast tow'ring ornament of hair,
Which real doctors, and quack-doctors wear,
(So small the difference, one can scarcely tell
Which of the two means either ill or well,

So

So small the diff'rence, fools are nothing loath
Either to trust, but wise men shun 'em both)
I sing undaunted, panting to explore
A path to Helicon unknown before.

Of that vast tow'ring ornament of hair,
Which pious bishops, and arch-bishops wear,
That awful effort to their mount of fame,
That rev'rend badge, which all the clergy claim,
('Mongst whom, of rectors multitudes we find
To their officiates so profusely kind,
That from an income, ample as the soul
Of man can wish, so kind that from the whole
The annual sum of twenty pounds they give,
To breathe on that on which they cannot live)
I sing undaunted, panting to explore
A path to Helicon unknown before.

GENIUS!

GENIUS ! do thou assist my daring lay,
New robes put on to grace me on my way.
Oh ! let me start to light from Fancy's flint,
Fresh as a new-coin'd sixpence from the mint,
And let her sparks, tho' sparkling from a stone,
Kindle a torch to blaze me to renown.
Is this too much ? Then grant another aid,
Lend me thy last new wig my brows to shade,
To cover warm imagination's shell,
And hatch the poem that will greatly—SELL.
Assist my emprise—else the letter'd band
Will sigh, will sob, will sicken thro' the land.
See supplicating bards around thy shrine,
The choicest group that ever turn'd a line !
The bard of love, with tears who wets his lays,
The bard of satire, and the bard of praise,

Folly's

Folly's pert brat, the laughing child of fun,
The thing of rebus, and no thing of pun ;
As well the builder of the lofty rhyme,
As the corrector of acrostic time,
As well the factor of a birthday ode,
As the twin rival of the Grubstreet mode,
As well those nice, those *tasteful* kind of men,
Who from a silver standish draw their pen,
As those, who from an inkhorn write for hire,
And cook their dinner by the Muses fire :
All, all kneel suppliant around thy shrine,
And ask the poem of the *Wig* divine.

By the sage buckles of the lawyer's tye,
The foretop nodding o'er the bishop's eye !
By that grave, solemn, formal bush of hair,
Which *Galen* wore not, tho' his bastards wear !

By

By that surprising grizzle bob, which they
Put on to look unnaturally grey
Before their time ! By that amazing wig
In which *'squire Gallipot* appears so big,
And by the Tyburn top of modern make,
That so distinguishes the city rake !
By that white swelling of enormous paste,
Which Ludgate mercers wear, and think it taste !
(Those stiff-neck'd statues, so precise and prim,
As if 'twas criminal to move a limb ;
Those male, those female, those ambiguous creatures,
With such hermaphrodite, unmeaning features,
One knows not male, or female which to call,
They're both, they're either, and yet none at all)
By each large, pompous, scientific lock,
That winds such meaning round the head of Rock !

By

By the cork bob, that sits so snug and tight,
Whose light formation wraps a head as light,
Let me conjure thee to assist my song
By these, and all the blocks to which these Wigs belong!

'Tis done—and Fancy now begins to roll
Her bounding surges o'er my bounding soul,
And, as her tides impetuous pour along,
Each muscle swells, and ev'ry nerve grows strong,
My heart springs high, uplifted from its throne,
And asks a body greater than my own.

Now frown, *sir critic*, in your padded chair,
Toss back your foretop with a classic air.
Spit forth your foam, and call the subject low,
Ourselves is proof against a vulgar foe.

Ourselves

Ourself can raise (for be it known we dare
As good, nay better wig than thine to wear)
Ourself can raise, in spite of critic laws,
Legions of shavers to support our cause,
To join our party resolutely warm,
And firm as barbers poles against a storm.

O thou ! whose fertile comprehensive mind,
The graceful peruke daringly design'd,
(Whether thy soft, melodious spirit sings,
On mount star-crown'd, or dances round the rings
Of blithe *Titania*, queen of fairy land,
Tripping by moonlight with her antic band,
Or floats with wing musk-dropping thro' the air,
For ever powder'd, and for ever fair,
Or with some sweet ambrosial Naiad dreams,
Lull'd by the lapse of wispy-washy streams)

To

To thee men owe, thou son of ancient time,
The wig in prose—to me the wig in rhyme.
The hint once giv'n, 'tis easy to improve,
But he, who gave it, most deserves our love.
Th' ingenious wight, who first the ruffie fram'd,
Ought sure on public record to be nam'd.
Prior to him, who far enlarg'd the plan,
And gave the shirt, the wholesome shirt to man;
For had that hint ne'er started into birth,
We still had wander'd shirtless o'er the earth,
English and Scotchmen, wherefoe'er they are,
In this respect had been upon a par.

Why droops my brother learned in the law,
Expert to find, and eke to make a flaw!
Why stands that furly scold abash'd with fear,
That stern dictator to a ———'s ear,

Form'd

Form'd with rare parts each cause to make or mar,
That leader, and that bully of the bar !
That cross examiner, studious to confound
An upright witness on the slightest ground !
That honest man (none honefter can be)
Who ne'er was known to take a double fee !
Thinkst thou, my learned brother, that I mean
On thee to dart one arrow of my spleen !
Nay, prithee frown not thus, nor look so big,
I shall not hurt one corner of thy wig.
No—let me leave thee to thy fordid views,
Thy name alone would blast my rising muse,

Now mark the contrast—See PERITUS stand,
Holding the brief of freedom in his hand !
Whose rare, extensive knowledge of the laws,
Leads him to turn the springs of ev'ry cause,
Who,

Who, not content with superficial store,
Drinks deep at learning's fount, and thirsts for more;
Whose worth, like gold enclos'd within the mine,
Long rested, doom'd in its own sphere to shine,
Whom faction cannot awe, nor lucre win——
Who loves this character, must honour GLYN.

Turn we aside to yon slow solemn prig,
Deck'd with a huge circumference of wig,
Curl above curl ascending——
Who fills the Change with all that pomp and state,
As if, like ——, he was *fix'd as fate*,
Who would not think, from his ^{ex}ternal pride,
That wealth to him roll'd down her golden tide;
And that the wheels of credit, rusty grown,
Turn'd glibly forward by his means alone!
Deluding thought! for CIVIS, whelm'd in debt,
Trembles each time at reading the gazette:

D

But

But for the present swells into applause—
Ask you the reason?—Why, his wig's the cause.
Had it not been for this egregious show,
Th' impostor would have fail'd some years ago.

In former days, when mortals wore their hair,
Or, bare, were not ashamed of being bare,
Then native Eloquence, in all she said,
Commanded awe without external aid;
And villains, when the voice of Truth they heard,
Stood mute, and shudder'd at her searching word.
But then, alas! was no distinction known,
For heads of hair the cottage and the throne
Equally mark'd, and, view'd by vulgar eyes,
The fool sometimes look'd wonderfully wise.
This the great *Wig-wag* (for, like other men
Who seek to gain due praises from their pen,

My

My deity I summon, knowing this,
 Who write without, will always write amiss)
 This the great *Wig-wag* saw, and saw with pain,
 For much the remedy perplex'd his brain.
 Long time he mourn'd, in pity to mankind,
 And thus pour'd forth the troubles of his mind :

“ How long shall this equality remain !
 “ How long shall hail the hero and the swain
 “ Characterize alike ! Shall men be known,
 “ And be distinguish'd, for their sense alone !
 “ What ! shall the poet gain immortal praise,
 “ Merely because he most deserves the bays !
 “ And shall the lawyer reap the most applause,
 “ Merely because he best expounds the laws !
 “ Shall he, who sav'd the subject of a town,
 “ No badge display beside the civic crown !

- “ Shall he, who dar’d his conqu’ring sword unsheath,
“ Be honour’d only with a laurel wreath !
“ Some means must be devis’d to give a grace,
“ And stamp a consequence upon the face ;
“ To fill each feature with majestic air,
“ To strike with awe, and make the rabble stare :
“ Depriv’d of outward gravity, of course
“ Half of fine arguments lose half their force.
“ This to prevent, my task is to prepare
“ An ample *Something* from collected hair ;
“ What name to give this *thing* when brought to light,
“ Lies deeply buried in the womb of night.
“ But much I ween this *Something*, when ’tis made,
“ By due degrees will swell into a trade,
“ And will not only human pates adorn,
“ But feed the mouths of thousands yet unborn.”

So

So saying, to the earth he bow'd his head,
And, for the sake of thinking—went to bed.
Thus have I seen the man of thought profound
Sit with his eyeballs fix'd upon the ground,
And, as the flood of sentiment grew deep,
Nod for a while, and then fall fast asleep;
When, starting from his temporary dream,
Wherein he ponder'd on his lofty theme,
The pen he'd seize! each mighty hint set down!
Print his work boldly, and alarm the town!
Which proves, beyond the shadow of a doubt,
Projectors first should nap—then sleep it out.

Now might I sing the praises of the bed,
How much it strengthens and improves the head;
What schemes are form'd for future action there,
How some succeed, and more dissolve in air;

How

How mem'ry fits a straddle o'er the brain,
And backward rides at large without a rein,
The sports of childhood fondly musing o'er,
Regretting that those pleasures are no more,
When all was mirth, or if a tear but fell,
'Twas quickly wip'd away, and all was well;
When 'twas his sole and principal concern
To mind one master, and his task to learn;
That done, to indulge the remnant of the day,
To put his little cap on, and to play,
When with new fancies he'd his time beguile,
And even a farthing whistle made him smile;
When sleep unask'd prepar'd his easy bed,
Nor brought her horrid dreams to vex his head,
Reserving those, the foremost in her van,
To plague that guilty monster call'd a MAN—

—But

—But this would prove a history too sad,
Fatigue each bard, and make each critic mad.
Day roll'd on day, and night succeeded night,
Whole years had wing'd their everlasting flight,
Ere *Wig-wag's* vast mechanic stretch of thought
This wondrous wonder to perfection brought.
Mean while, earth's kings to death resign'd their pride,
Statesmen and coblers, wits and dunces, died ;
The knave, the fool, the coward, and the bold,
Shar'd the same fate, and *Time* himself caught cold,
As well he might, when one poor lock of hair
Was all he had to shield a pate so bare.
At length 'twas finish'd, and the race of man,
As if inspir'd, seem'd conscious of the plan.
All nature smil'd—but not on earth alone,
Joy reach'd the skies, joy fill'd Olympus' throne.

With

With quicker spirits, and with brighter ray,
Phœbus arose, and burnish'd up the day.
Cynthia too, shining with uncommon light,
Wrapt her best mantle round the waist of Night,
'Twixt Jove and Juno all things were appeas'd,
For Jove and Juno both alike were pleas'd.
Nay Pallas smil'd, for Pallas lov'd the whim,
And Vulcan caper'd with his broken limb.
Gay Venus chuckl'd when the news was brought,
And Mars swore—"damn him" 'twas a lucky thought ;
So pleas'd these last, that from the rest they broke,
Retir'd in private, and enjoy'd the joke.
That pleasing feast of fancy being done,
Thus spoke the godhead with an air of fun;
" O queen of charms ! now plainly do I see,
That artful *Wig-wag* stole his hint from thee.

" He

“ He saw thee bathing in the Paphian grove,

“ And plann’d his wig from thy fair seat of love,

Now dire commotions and debates arose,

So fierce—their godships almost went to blows.

Rehearse, O muse! the great, important cause,

Be brief, and tell us what the quarrel was.

What more than this—“ *What name a thing so rare*

(So likely to become the mode) should bear.”

Disputes ran high, when *Momus* interpos’d,

Settled the question, and the hubbub clos’d.

“ Suppose, said he, to raise the maker’s fame,

“ This *thing* retains one half the maker’s name.

“ Call it the *Wig*”—The *Wig* they all reply,

And *Eccho*, thro’ the chambers of the sky,

Return’d the sound—Then peace resum’d her reign,

And, Silence beckoning, all was hush’d again.

So

So at some public meeting have I seen,
When argument has turn'd into chagrin,
When ev'ry word has tended to provoke,
And the rude fist been ready for a stroke,
Some *wag* start up, and with harmonious lay
Chace ev'ry feud and every frown away.
Now, to secure the praises he had gain'd,
An ample task for *Wig-wag* yet remain'd :
For 'twas his task to end what was begun,
As well he knew there were more heads than one.

Each morning, ere the lark was heard to sing,
Or seen to soar adventurous of wing,
Ere yet the Sun's all-cheering eye of light
Dispell'd the solemn languor of the night,
Ere yet the shepherd, in his cot of thatch,
Crept to the door, and lifted up the latch,

Call'd

Call'd by the cock, prime herald of the day,

“ He rose to work, as if he rose to play,”

Lab'ring till night, when Sleep without surprise

Tenderly wrapt her fillet o'er his eyes.

O gentle Sleep ! with ev'ry blessing fraught,

Thou kind indulgent nurse of infant thought !

Restorer of each weak distemper'd brain,

Labour's soft cradle, and the grave of pain !

Without thy sweet, nocturnal balmy cure,

The load of life what Being could endure !

Without thee soon the rose of health would fade,

Love's shining feature languish into shade,

And Reason sicken, till, delirious grown,

Dreadly convuls'd she tumbles from her throne.

At length, with constant pow'r of manual pains,

Join'd to a more than modern pow'r of brains,

Our

Our engineer completed all his plan,
To grace as well the stripling as the man.
Fame blew her clarionet, and at the sound
Instant the sons of earth conven'd around.
High on a chair, which some a throne would call,
Our hero sat and over-look'd them all.
Not with more solemn dignity of face
The master-mason takes his noble place ;
Like him, he held a hammer in his hand,
To bid the tongue lie mute at his command.
On proper blocks, arrang'd on either side,
His manufactory he view'd with pride,
As conscious that some future bard would breathe,
And to his fame entwine a lasting wreath.
Before him, curious emblems of his trade,
In rows alternate, were distinctly laid.

A finish'd

A finish'd masterpiece of art he wore,
Type of deep skill, that manifestly bore
The stamp of knowledge, hiding ev'ry fault
(If fault there was) with seeming depth of thought:

Such a choice *wig* none since presume to own,

Or claim its right, but C——s alone.

Silence proclaim'd, he rose and gravely bow'd—

Then thus address'd the many headed crowd:

“ Mortals! whate'er your rank, whate'er your name,

“ Fond of your persons, fonder still of fame,

“ See with what labour and what art are made

“ Perukes adapted each to ev'ry trade,

“ Ev'ry profession. Hence the man of law

“ Shall quote the precedent he never saw,

“ And gain the hearer's credit. Hence, with head

“ (Tho' it may look a lump of living lead)

“ Re-

“ Replete with quirks, his fortune he shall raise,
“ And shine the perfect ——— of his days.
“ Hence the young pulpiteer, grown old in sin,
“ With outward veil shall cloak his crimes within;
“ The stings of vice in boldest colours paint
“ With all the seeming virtues of a saint,
“ With such success, his audience shall incline
“ To think him, like his doctrine, all divine.
“ Hence too (if I can prophesy aright)
“ Shall dull physicians dull prescriptions write,
“ And self-sufficient ***** shall dare
“ His skill with that of *Schomberg's* to compare.
“ But, oh vain thought! with equal impudence
“ May coxcomb Folly vie with sterling Sense.
“ And now let each, according to his views
“ In life, a decent proper peruke chuse:

“ But

“ But take especial note ye touch not *that*,

“ For *that* I made on purpose for a PRATT.”

He paus'd—and each, as various fancy led,
With rapture chose a covering for his head.
Then with a shout they hail'd the founder's name,
Departing, in conceit, much wiser than they came.

But now, oh racking thought! oh death to name!
Like yon old *wig*, all ruff'd is my frame.
And hark! the gossip winds inform the world
My soul grows lank, and ev'ry thought's uncurl'd.
Oh! I could leap from off this vital stage,
And puff my soul out in a cloud of rage.
The day is near, that inauspicious day,
When *Wig-wag*'s blaze of glory must decay; !

For

For see the rising fops presume to wear,
In various taste, their various heads of hair;
Dupes to false taste, and studiously intent
To force a curl that nature never meant;
But most those trifling insects of a day,
Who, just as atoms in the sun-beams play,
Their martial insignificance expose,
And shew the foldier only in their cloaths.
Well—of all prigs, whom fashion ever bred,
The most disgustful is the prig in red.
Ah—what a sight!—a scissar-armed band
Of motely dressers swarm throughout the land.
Resolv'd that perukes shall no longer grace
The temples, and give honour to the face,
They frown defiance, and they scorn to yield,
All sworn to die, or conquer in the field.

Ye

Ye sons of Art ! who weave the flowing curl,
And the silk foldings of the cawl unfurl,
(To whose rare skill, for all the wealth they get,
The lawyer and physician are in debt,
To whom divines, the gravest of the grave,
Are bound as much for all the praise they have)
Arise—be vigorous in your own defence,
Maintain your title to pre-eminence.
Arise—and to the fight undaunted go,
Nor doubt a glorious conquest o'er the foe.
Arise—and may the mighty voice I hear
Of *Wig-wag* sounding from yon azure sphere,
As downward thro' the vault of air it rolls,
Strike on your nerves, and swell your daring souls.
Arise—exert your fortitude of heart,
And shew that Nature must submit to Art.

E

THE

THE
CORK SCREW.

EACH vernal flow'r, that to the kissing sun
Expands its bosom in the garden's bed,
Or bends its neck to drink the noisy brook, |
That murmurs on, till to a gradual calm
It smoothly glides and trills itself asleep,
Let others pluck ; around Amanda's brow
The wreath entwine, and hail her Queen of May.
Her name and beauty let the love-struck youth,
Whose breast, till then, ne'er felt poetic fire,
In Magazine enrol, in stanzas soft

As is the nymph he wooes. Be mine the choice
To sing the Cork Screw, tho' in humble strains;

Thou' beautiful emblem of the line of grace,
Whether of silver, or of temper'd steel,
I grasp thee firm to my transported touch,
Alike thou'rt welcome; for by thy kind aid
The cork, that blazons in its coat of wax,
I pierce intrepid, and transfix the foe,
That rudely bars the passage to my joys,
Full in the centre. Then with nervous arm
Complete the grip, and give the imprison'd wine,
Champagne, or Port, its liberty of air.

Conscious of thine inestimable use,
Thee doth each toper, at the festive board,

Friend of the vintage, carry in his pouch.
And thee the Cambridge wits, exulting, hail,
And they who breathe Oxonium's classic air,
As loud they quaff and sing, and bid good night
To Homer's muse, and Tully's moral page:

But here can I forget the jolly rogue,
Whose thought first gave this engine to the world?
Hail to thy memory! and tho' old Time,
In his recording tablet, for thy name
Has left a blank, yet shall the social soul
With mirthful gratitude the gift admire,
And drink one bumper in the donor's praise.

A TAN-

A

TANKARD of PORTER.

THE foaming cup, replete with mad'ning juice
Of *Gallic* vines, to others taste I leave.

Why should I sicken for exotic draughts,
Since with kind hand domestic *Ceres* gives
Potation more robust.—Replenish here—
Boy, take this honest Tankard—fill it high
With buxom Porter, such as *Hercules*,
Was *Hercules* in being, would imbibe.
Behold its pyramid of tow'ring froth,
Brown as a nut, and sparkling on the sight,

Tho'

Tho' some prefer it white as *Alpine* snow,
Or *Celia's* milky orbs ! Encircled oft
Amidst my jovial intimates, to her,
Benignant Goddess of the Barley-mow,
Who ever guards, and swells the smiling ear,
Her own libation let me offer up
With thanks exulting, till I can no more.
'Tis this enlivens the *freethinker's* brain,
Great bulwark of the *Robinood* debate !
By this he dares his florid argument,
And pours forth unpremeditated tropes.
How shall I speak its praise ! This mental balm,
To the desponding chairman, vig'rous nurse
Of spirits warlike, to the soldier's breast
Impenetrable steel, nerve of his nerves,
And comfort to the sailor in the storm !

Rous'd

Rouz'd from the lethargy of sleeping thought,
By *Porter's* fluid, the mechanic prates
Of state-connexions, as at night he sits
With smoke envelop'd over *Trueman's* Mild.
Say ! is it he, who pleads for *British* freedom,
This little monarch in his potent cups !
Is't he, whose ample mind excursive roves
To where the *Prussian* hero leads his troops
Against united forces ! This the man
Who plans an expedition, lays down rules
To settle politic concerns, and dares
With sage advice to dictate to a throne ?
Grant it : but 'tis the *Porter's* manly tide
That animates his organs, gives his tongue
The liberty of speech, his hollow thought
Impregnates quick, and sets his brain on fire.

At

At rich *Hortensio's* table tho' thou'rt held
 In estimation cheap, thy charms to me
 Are not diminish'd ; for, secure from ills,
 I quaff thy salutif'rous stream, whilst he,
 Sad slave to appetite that knows no bounds,
 Drinks in each glass th' inflammatory gout,
 " And thousand other ills that flesh is heir to."

Can dear-bought Claret boast of services
 With thine co-equal ? Or can Punch itself,
 However temper'd, or with *Wenman's* rum,
 Or *Asbley's* brandy, or Batavian 'rack,
 High-priz'd, diffuse hilarity like thine !
 Absurd—before the nodding Barley-sheaf
 The *Gallic* vine must bow, and *Gallic* butlers
 To the stout *British* drayman must give way.
 Now when the evening creeps with gradual step,

And

And wraps the day within her sable shroud,
Come, *Tankard*, to my hand, and with thee bring
The pipe, companion meet, Attended thus
My nectar will I quaff, and fill the room
With smoke voluminous, till nature nods,
And seems to ask the pillow's sweet repose.

THE
TOBACCO STOPPER.

I, Who of late the useful Cork Screw sung,
Or strove to sing, and in poetic verse
Immortaliz'd the Tankard, now prepare
Alike to magnify that engine small,
Tobacco Stopper hight, associate fit
For pipe-enamour'd toper. Bless'd with thee
How careless does he sit, lolling at ease
Across the summit of contiguous chair.
Through the dark alley of the curving tube
The flavour of the burning weed he draws,

And

And at each puff he teaches ev'ry cloud
In what due poize to ride athwart the air,
Or curl its spiral head. Each little cloud
In exaltation climbs the paper'd plain,
Or horizontal swims along the room,
Obedient to the blast. Virginian plant,
To dust consum'd, demands the pressure light;
Then, with a phyz of gravity profound,
His hand in pocket dives, where *thou*, perhaps,
With pence of *Birmingham* art safely lodg'd;
Toothpicks, and keys harsh-rattling on the ear,
Haply he finds thee. Straight a sudden smile,
Caught from internal joy, serenes his brow,
Seen thro' the smoaky shade. So looks the man
Wrap'd in distressful thought, Misfortune's son,
As thro' the Mall, for want of chop or stake,

He

He saunters at meridian, when perchance
His roving eye on Splendid Shilling lights.

Begirt with many a friend, oft-times at eve,
(Whether with *Bacchus*, painim-fabled god,
The vine's exhilarating flood I quaff
With lips impurpled, or descend to drown
My care-tir'd thoughts in porter's humble bath)
O! let me grasp thy waift, be thou of wood,
Or levigated steel; for well 'tis known
Thy habit is diverse. In iron clad,
Sometimes thy feature roughens to the fight;
And oft transparent art thou seen in glass
Portending frangibility. The son
Of lab'ring mechanism here displays
Exuberance of skill. The curious knot,
The motley flourish winding down thy sides,

And

And freaks of fancy pour upon the view
Their complicated charms, and, as they please,
Astonish. While with glee thy touch I feel,
No harm my finger dreads. No fractur'd pipe
I ask, or splinter's aid, wherewith to press
The rising ashes down. Oh ! bless my hand,
Chief when thou com'st with hollow circle, crown'd
With sculptur'd fignet, bearing in thy womb
The treasur'd Cork Screw. Thus a triple service
In firm alliance mayst thou boast : and thus
Myself I serve, and, on occasion due,
Extend thy use to an embarrass'd friend.

A PINCH

A

PINCH OF SNUFF.

OH Snuff! our fashionable end and aim!
Straßburgh, Rappee, Dutch, Scotch! whate'er thy name!
Powder celestial! quintessence divine!
New joys entrance my soul, while thou art mine,
Who takes!—who takes thee not! Where'er I range,
I smell thy sweets from Pall-mall to the Change.
By thee assisted, ladies kill the day,
And breathe their scandal freely o'er their tea:

Nor

Nor less they prize thy virtues when in bed :
One pinch of thee revives the vapour'd head,
Removes the spleen, removes the qualmish fit,
And gives a brisker turn to female wit,
Warms in the nose, refreshes like the breeze,
Glows in the head, and tickles in the face.
Without it, Tinsel, what would be thy lot !
What—but to strut neglected and forgot.
What boots it for thee to have dipt thy hands
In odours wafted from Arabian lands !
Ah ! what avails thy scented solitaire,
Thy careless swing, and pertly-tripping air,
The crimson wash, that glows upon thy face,
Thy modish hat, and coat that flames with lace !
In vain thy dress, in vain thy trimmings shine,
If the Parisian snuff-box be not thine.

Let

Let abject souls the clay-form'd tube assume;
And suck *Virginia's* sleep-creating fume.
I scorn to smoke, or chew the nauseous *quid*;
Avert it fashion! Decency forbid!
While they delight the fiery plant to puff,
Be mine to praise the qualities of Snuff!
'Tis this alone, that constitutes the beau,
And fills his nostrils with a purer glow,
Supplies his head-piece with ideas new,
And lends fresh spirit to the billet-doux.
By this each card more brilliant he indites,
Smiles when he reads, and giggles while he writes,
Hums o'er a minuet, or essays to sing,
And leers with greater pleasure on his ring.
O fragrant Snuff! how does thy lively grain
Invigorate the lawyer's puzzl'd brain!

By

By thee more clearly he discerns the cause,
And solves each dry conundrum of the laws.
From the warm argument he scorns to flinch,
Whilst thou canst kindly help him at a pinch.
O pleasing dust ! how shall I speak thy praise !
Too flat my diction, and too weak my lays.
Thou tickling source of sentiment refin'd !
Great *panacæa* to the drooping mind !
Companion and delight of all the fair,
From *Bet* the maid to *Sophy* in her chair !
Be thou my *vade-mecum*, I can go
Where trips the jessamy, where struts the beau ;
Hence can look grave at *Batson's*, dull at *Peel's*,
Gay at the *Bedford*, politic at *Will's*.
Thee, *Hardham*, thee, let not the Muse pass by,
For oft thy jars have rivetted her eye.

F

Oh !

Oh ! were her numbers half as good as thine,
What strength ! what warmth would animate her line !
Then should thy fame resound from shore to shore,
Till tongues grew mute, and eccho could no more.

THE

T H E

P I N.

FOR once, ye critics, let the sportive Muse
Her fool's cap wear, spite of the shaking head
Of stern-ey'd Gravity—for, tho' the Muse
To frolic be dispos'd, no song she chants
Immoral; nor one picture will she hold
But virtue may approve it with a smile.
Ye sylvan deities! a while adieu!
Ye curling streams! whose banks are fring'd with flowrs,

Vi'let and hare-bell, or the daisy trim,
Farewell ! for I must leave your rich perfumes
To sing the *Pin* in ever-sounding lays :
But not that *Pin*, at whose circumference
Rotund the sinewy rustic hurls the bowl
Ponderous and vast : nor that which window bars
From thief nocturnal : nor that other call'd
A skittle ; chiefly found where alehouse snug
Invites mechanic to the flowing cup
Of *Calvert's* mild, o'er-canopy'd with froth.
No—'tis the *Pin* so much by ladies us'd ;
Without whose aid the nymph of nicest taste,
Of neatest mould, a flattern would appear,
Hail then, thou little useful instrument !
Tho' small, yet consequential. For by thee
Beauty sets off her charms, as, at the glass,

Lucy

LUCY or PHYLLIS best adapts thy point.
Without thy service would the ribband flaunt
Loose to the fanning gale, nor on the head
Of belle would stand her whimsical attire.
The 'kerchief from her neck of snow would fall
With freedom bold, and leave her bosom bare.
How would the sempstres, trim, thy want regret
As she her apron forms! And how the man
Of law, sagacious, with his spectacles
On nose reverted! frequent does he want
Thy prompt assistance to connect his scraps
And notes obliterated o'er. Thee oft
In alley, path, wide square, and open street,
The miser picks, as conscious of thy use;
With frugal hand, accompanied with brow
Of corrugated bent, he sticks thee safe

Interior

Interior on his coat, then creeps along,
Well judging thy proportion to a groat.
Thro' all thy different storehouses to trace
Thy presence, either in the sculptur'd dome,
Or tenement clay-built, would ask a pen,
With points almost as various as thy heads.
Where e'er thou art, or in whatever form,
Magnificent in silver, or in brass,
Or wire more humble, nightly mayst thou lie
Safe on thy cushion'd bed, or kiss the locks
Of *Gloe* sleeping on the pillow's down.

THE

THE
LOOKING-GLASS.

NOT thee, whom underneath AURELIA's bed
The blue-ey'd Phyllis, or inferior Nell
Of humbler name, hath plac'd—nor thee I sing
Of Asiatic mould—whose polish'd form
Denotes pre-eminence beyond the clay,
The baser produce of *Woreestrian* lands,
Beyond what *Bow* (where oft foot-foundred cit
Halts for refreshment) or that other vill
For buns and puffs full famous, *Chelsea* hight,

Can

Can boast—where bower'd in the lovely shade
Of arboret, old *Fungus* lolls superb,
Self-satisfy'd, and quaffs, potation-fond,
His nectar pomeridian—or in box,
Swelling with all the majesty of paunch,
Amidst a crowd, his rural pipe enjoys.
Nor thee, of coarser frame, in garret vile
Deposited (to whom the household nymph
Pays frequent compliment, altho' despoil'd
Of manual handle) does the muse regard.
Far other looking-glass demands her song.
Hail, charming Mirror! that reflectst the face
Of sweet CLEORA. At thy splendid shrine
What countless legions of adorers bow!
Here beauty gazes, and her form surveys,
Transcendent, irresistible—nor fails

To

To ruminate how best she may ensnare
The dangling coxcomb in her fatal net.
For this (with no small share of female pride)
She dresses tasteful, practises the wink
Significant, the random glance oblique,
The pleasing smile, and not displeasing frown.
Here too Deformity in tawdry garb
Begins her patch-work. Emulous of praise,
Each feature doth she deck with care minute,
And spies a charm that nature never gave.
Then beats her heart with more elastic force,
Around she rolls her large, projecting eyes,
Affecting love, and triumphs in the thought,
The glorious thought, of conquests yet to come.
Weak, simple woman!—Simpler still the man,
Whose ardent gaze such optics can allure.

Without

Without this engine, what avails the dress
Of self-enamour'd fop, or what the curl
Natural, or adventitious ! for in vain
Courtroy may raise the sugar-loaf toupee,
If *Brilliant* can't the ornament discern.
Hail yet again ! thou spectacle of art !
Art's brightest lustre ! 'fore whose polish'd plain
Thy poet, razor-arm'd, hath often shorn
His chin crimiferous, where lives the man
Who does not own thy universal use ?
The pompous lawyer, ravenous of fee,
Pulse-feeling doctor, and the grave divine,
In thee admire the dignity of wig.

But should some hideous crack thy shining face
Deform, tremendous to behold ! neglect
And sure contempt will be thy future fate.

So fares it with the nymph, whose precious gem
Of chastity is sullied. Sour disdain,
And sharp invectives, render'd sharper still
As utter'd by her sex, her ear confound,
Unus'd to tauntings—and the sneering beau
Rambles in quest of more accomplish'd charms.

CLEORA! then—thou most resplendent star
In beauty's firmament! exalted maid!
Damsel un-paragon'd! whose well-turn'd limbs
Are far above the feeble reach of praise,
Beware—the caution of a friend observe,
And con this lesson from the looking-glass.
So shall the bard repent not of his lay,
Well-pleas'd, if 'gainst the wiles of artful man
He can but guard one unsuspecting fair.

THE

THE
PETTIFOGGER,
A PARODY,

Written in Westminster Hall in the long Vacation.

THE courts are shut—departed ev'ry judge,

Each greedy lawyer gripes his double fee,

In doleful mood the suitors homeward trudge,

And leave the hall to silence, and to me.

Now not a barrister attracts the sight,

And all the dome a solemn stillness holds,

Save at the entrance, where with all her might

The *quean* of apples at the porter scolds.

Save

Save that at fives a group of wrangling boys
At intervals pursue the bounding ball,
Make *Henderson* *, the studious, damn their noise,
When batt'ring down the plaister from the wall.

From ev'ry court, with ev'ry virtue crown'd,
Where many get, and many lose their bread,
Elsewhere to squabble, puzzle and confound,
Attornies—clerks—and counsel—all are fled.

Contending fools, too stubborn to agree,
The good fat client (name for ever dear),
The long-drawn brief, and spirit-stirring fee,
No more, 'till Michaelmas, shall send them here.

T 'Till then, no more th' Exchequer † nymphs shall run
o fetch their wigs, and giggling stroke the tail,
Or dressy orange-wenches ply their fun,
And offer their commodities to sale.

With

* An Author and Bookseller there. † The Coffee-house.

With these the Templar oft has stop'd to chat,
 And tip'd 'em sixpence for each cake he broke:
 How jocund did they give him tit for tat,
 And bonnily return him joke for joke!

Let not *Drybutler* * look with eyes askew,
 Nor envy them the profits of the hall,
 Let him not think, that with a spiteful view
 They mean to draw the custom from his stall.

The cinder wench in dust-cart seated high
 With arms begrim'd, and dirty as her sieve,
 The ragged trulls, who sprats and herrings cry,
 The meanest trollops have a right to live.

Nor you, ye belles! impute the fault to these,
 If at the glittering ball they not appear,
 Where music has a thousand charms to please,
 And with its sweetness almost wounds the ear.

Will

* A trinket-seller.

With *Almack*, on the goddess of *Sobs*,
Enlist these misses in their brilliant train,
Admit them e'en to see the puppet-show,
To take one peep, and light them out again!

Perhaps in their neglected minds were sown
The seeds of worth from Nature's large supply;
The seeds of worth, which might in time have grown,
And flourish'd lovely to the ravish'd eye.

But the calm sunshine of a parent's care
With one warm ray their bosoms ne'er impress;
Ill usage drove the wretches to despair,
And check'd each growing virtue of the breast.

Full many a rural lass in Britain's land
The vile unwarrantable brothels hold,
Full many a town-bred damsel walks the Strand,
And trucks her beauty for a piece of gold.

Some

Some ghost of *Jefferies* will this floor parade,
Some daring pettifogger, stern of brow,
Who might have done due honour to the spade,
Whirl'd the tough flail, or grasp'd the peaceful plough.

This upstart thing some useful trade to learn,
By far more suited to his shallow head,
Some trade by which he might have known to earn,
With honest industry, his daily bread,

False pride forbade : nor to himself alone
Confines his views, but to his son extends ;
Forbade the youth, to quirks already prone,
To mind the means, so he could gain the ends,

Forbade to bind him 'prentice to a trade,
Behind a compter all the day to stand,
His birth by work mechanic to degrade,
Or wait on customers with cap in hand.

Far

Far from the worthy members of the law,
A rogue in grain, he ever kept aloof;
From learn'd bum-bailiffs learn'd his briefs to draw,
And where he could not find, he coin'd a proof.

Yet doth this wretch, illiterate as proud,
With low-life homage, low-life bus'ness meet,
And pick the pockets of th' unhappy crowd
Mur'd in the Compters, Newgate, and the Fleet,

Bound by their creditors in durance fast!
In plaintive murmurs they bewail their fate,
And many an eager, wishful eye they cast,
Whene'er the turnkey opes and shuts the gate.

For who, to dull imprisonment a prey,
The pleasing thoughts of freedom e'er resign'd,
From home, from wife, and children dragg'd away,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

G

Some

Some sharp attorney must the captive hire,
Who knows each secret winding of the laws,
Some previous fees th' attorney will require,
Before he ventures to conduct his cause.

For you, who traverse up and down this shrine,
And lounge, and faunter at your wonted rate,
If in some future chat, with arch design,
Some wag should ask this pettifogger's fate,

In sneering mood some brother quill may say,
" I've seen him oft at alehouse table sit,
" Brushing with dirty hands the crumbs away,
" And eye the mutton roasting on the spit.

" There in the snug warm corner of the bench,
" Part stain'd with grease, and part defil'd with beer,
" His thirst with cooling porter would he quench,
" And bend his noddle o'er the gazetteer.

" Hard

“ Hard by yon steps, now grinning as in scorn,
“ Mutt’ring his oaths and quibbles he would stand,
“ Now hanging down his pate, like one forlorn,
“ As if some dread commitment was at hand.

“ One morn I miss’d him in this custom’d hall,
“ And at the Oak *, where he was wont to be,
“ His clerk came down, and answer’d to my call,
“ But by yon steps, nor at the Oak was he.

“ The next I heard (oh melancholy tale !
“ On our profession what a foul reproach !)
“ That he for forgery was confin’d in jail,
“ And dragg’d (oh shameful !) there without a coach.

* The Royal Oak, a public house near the hall.

HIS CHARACTER.

VULTURE, the arrant'ft rascal upon earth,
At length is caught, and into Newgate thrown,
Fair honesty disclaim'd him at his birth,
And villainy confefs'd him for her own.

Grown old in fin, at no one crime difmay'd,
'Gainst Nature's cries he arm'd his callous heart;
For, when his father was to death convey'd,
He growl'd—and damn'd the flownefs of the cart.

Jack Ketch, to shew his duty to his friend,
Will soon confirm it with the strongest tie.
But on fuch ties what mortal would depend.
A rogue he liv'd, and like a rogue he'll die.

Now

Now preft with guilt, he feels its sharpeft fting,
Great his transgreffions, and but fmall his hope,
He gave the fheriff (all he had) a ring,
He gain'd from juftice (all he fear'd) a rope.

No farther feek his vices to difclofe,
But leave the culprit to his dark abode,
There let him reft, till breaking his repoze
The hangman fummmons him to Tyburn road.



A
FAMILIAR EPISTLE,

FROM THE SHADES BELOW,

**GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE STATION OF THE
P O E T S.**

WHY how now, friend Richard—because a man's dead,
Will you break off acquaintance?—d'ye think he can't read?
Had you sent a small packet by Charon post paid,
It had safely arriv'd—he's a trusty old blade.
However, I hate to be churlish and crusty,
Or stand upon forms—so resolve to write first t'ye.

Know

Know then, that my will was first finish'd—that done,
I had nothing to do, but to die and be gone.
In due form of law then I fairly departed,
And quickly and safely was hither transported.
As I know you are curious in search of things strange,
I'll relate what I found by my whimsical change.

The Poets, both Grecian and Roman of old,
Of whom we so many fine things have been told,
Live here in great state, are grandees of the court,
To whom all the moderns most humbly resort,
Yet few find admittance, or favour with those,
So poor their appearance, so shabby their cloaths;
Some, indeed, a small pittance, or place may obtain,
But the rest are a sad ragged crew in the main.
In short, the whole tribe are at best but so, so,
As you'll find by their state and employment below.

Old

Old Chaucer and Drayton I found in good plight,
And Shakespeare and Spencer appear pretty tight.
They've each a small freehold, tho' troth bounded in sore,
And live not unlike to the poor knights of Windsor,
Ben Johnson sells ale on the side of the ~~hill~~,
And Beaumont and Fletcher go halves in a mill,
But Denham enjoys a small post in the state,
And Dorset with Juvenal's grown very great,
Whilst Sir Johnny Suckling is but a knife-grinder,
And Cowley, poor Cowley's a lacquey to Pindar,

Friend Wilmot's a mountebank, Villers his droll,
Charles Sedley their toad-eater, Howard their fool,
Old Milton's still blind, but much in request
With Homer and Virgil, and most of the best,
And Addison, lately assign'd as his guide,
Enjoys a small place, and a pension beside,

Old Naso and Waller most hugely agree,
But Aristotle t'other day cudgell'd poor Lee.

Yet Butler of all looks the best, let me tell you,
Has money, good cloaths, and can now fill his belly,
Is lately preferr'd as his highness's jester,
For which he, *per diem*, has two and a tester.
In troth I was glad to see Butler so mended,
Who had suffer'd so greatly before he descended,

Old Dryden sells nectar, an excellent dram,
And Shadwell is kept by a wealthy old dame,
He was always a lover, you know, of that fame.
Rough Wycherley penknives sells, razors and scissars,
And Otway fine pincushions, essence, and tweezers.

Tom

Tom Brown he's a shoe-black, and carries a link,
A sad dirty whore's bird, and lies in a sink.
Joe Harnes and Dick Estcourt are poor, but yet merry,
And Phillips for's highness makes cyder and perry.
But Plautus and Terence, both wealthy and able,
Have taken friend Congreve to wait at their table.
Johnny Crown keeps a raree-show, Farquhar's a sutler,
And Horace has made Matthew Prior his butler.
Nat. Rowe waits on Sophocles, has a good place on't,
But Hughes still is poor tho' he puts the best face on't.
Tom Durfey sings ballads, and cobbles old shoes,
And honest Dick Steele runs about with the news.

Pope and Swift, when they met, arm and arm took their way
In search of their intimate friend Johnny Gay.
They call'd at each tavern, and search'd all around
Where they thought it most likely he was to be found,

Till

Till at length, being hungry, they happen'd to drop,
As good luck would have it, into a cook's shop.
There they spied their old friend, full as round as a hoop,
Regaling himself o'er a bason of soup.

Colley Cibber is always chastising his son,
But *The*: turns it off with a joke or a pun,
Tho' of late they have had a most damnable quarrel,
As, to, for, concerning, and touching the laurel.
But here they were both sadly left in the lurch,
For his highness was pleas'd to adjudge 'em the birch.
John Dennis has taken a scold for his wife,
A vixen who leads him the hell of a life;
Instead of his dealing in pepper and mustard,
He's so tame that he hawks about cheese-cake and custard,

Old Dryden sells nectar, I told you before,
But now has put up a new sign at his door,

And

And if he goes on, as he hath done of late,
In a very short time he will get an estate.
For honest Charles Churchill approves of the plan,
And brings to his house all the custom he can,
They've establish'd a club, and when he takes the chair,
The true sons of Genius are sure to be there.
The nectar's so good, and the members so hearty,
You'd be glad, I am certain, to be of the party,
For Sterne and old Yorick, with three or four more,
Such as Fielding and Co. set the board on a roar,

Bob Lloyd keeps a snuff-shop—is much in regard,
And Mallet, or Malloch, sells brimstone and lard.
That wag, Bonnell Thornton, is turn'd a mere quaker,
And Derrick, count Derrick's a fiddle-stick maker.
Here are more, but so ragged, so poor, and so sad,
'Twere a shame you should know, their condition's so bad.

As

As for me, I am just advertis'd to be let,
So what will become of me, cannot tell yet.
I can rhyme, comb a wig, shave, and pick up a whore,
And few of the moderns, I think, can do more.
When once I am settl'd, I'll write t' ye again,
Till when, your old friend, honest Dick, I remain.

P O S T S C R I P T.

Just arriv'd a fresh packet by trusty old Charon,
Which may cause more disturbance than you are aware on.
It begins with a cordial, affectionate greeting,
And ends with a sketch of the Jubilee meeting.
To all sober Christians it seems very odd,
That you should create a mere mortal a God.

They

They say that the scope of this general jollity
Savours much, very much, of the heathen idolatry
That you deem the commandments a temporal jest,
For as you've broke one, you'll abolish the rest.
As to Shakespeare himself, he's so modest a man,
He would not declare what he thought of the plan.
With so much applause, and benevolence crush'd,
He made his obeisance, retreated, and blush'd.

THE

THE
SCHOOL-BOY.

BACK, Mem'ry ! back to scenes of pleasure past,
To scenes ere childhood ripen'd into man,
When joys pour'd in, too exquisite to last,
And evening crown'd the sports which morn began.

In those gay meads how gladsome have I play'd !
How bask'd beneath the warmth of summer skies !
On the tan'd haycock how supinely laid,
Lull'd to soft slumber by the buzzing flies !

Of

Oft have I frolick'd on the social green,
When the clear moon diffus'd her sober light,
Hail'd the calm lustre of the silver scene,
And stoln the sweetest moments of the night.

Blithe on some pleasing sun-shine holiday,
Beside that pebbled spring I oft have sat,
There with my co-mates worn the time away
In harmless romping, or in harmless chat.

Can I forget how oft I've ran the race !
Forget those days, when time too swiftly roll'd,
Blot from my mind the much frequented place,
Where striplings batted, and where striplings bowl'd !

Then was the hour (my life so free from blame)
When I could smile at ev'ry feather'd toy,
When each vain trifle, that the man might shame,
Delighted, not disgrac'd the laughing boy.

There

Where now are all those festive days of ease?

Alas! fast bound in Time's all-girting roll.

Yet still the thoughts of past enjoyment please,

And lend a transport to the languid soul.

Ah! let not pride, buoy'd up by self-esteem,

Contemn the various frolicks of the child,

Nor wisdom, aged wisdom, rudely deem

The sports of youth romantic all, and wild.

The purple ribband flaunting o'er the breast,

The coat emblazon'd, and the flowing gown,

Is little, very little more than jest,

One half of man is childhood over-grown.

How by degrees that spark of heav'nly fire,

The godlike mind, ascends into a blaze!

Its fury spent, how slow doth it expire,

Nor leave one glimpse of its diminish'd rays!

H

So

So shoots a flower-bud from day to day,
 Gradual, till all expanded it appears,
 Then fade its colours, all its leaves decay,
 And time effaces what the florist rears.

Yet tho' the school-boy's hours are wing'd with down,
 (So sure at Pleasure's side Pain takes her stand)
 Oft have I fear'd *Flagilio's* angry frown,
 And the rod quiv'ring in his nervous hand.

One look from him, if anger puff'd his cheek,
 My heart hath aw'd, my spirits hath deprest:
 One look from him, if that one look was meek,
 Again call'd forth the sun-shine of my breast.

But flight is all the terror of the school,
 Match'd with the tumult of a bustling world,
 Where reason bends, as passion takes the rule,
 And the rack'd soul from vice to vice is hurl'd;

Where

Where to the charms of modest merit blind,
Proud fortune sways with indiscreet command,
Spurns lovely worth, who courts her to be kind,
Yet drops unask'd her wealth in folly's hand.

Bear me, just heav'n ! to where contentment lives,
And let me there contemplate as I ought,
True solid happiness she only gives,
Sure guide to peace, sweet nurse of tranquil thought !

Without her aid, without her cheerful reign,
Dull disappointment mortifies our pride,
Vain is each pleasure, each allurements vain,
Vain all that rolls from fortune's ample tide.

Through her in flights amusive roves the mind,
Confinement's welcome to the willing slave.
On rapid pinions fancy mounts the wind,
And poverty sleeps easy in her cave.

With her in competence, oh ! let me dwell,
Safe from that envy which preferment brings.
Pleas'd with the key that locks me in her cell,
I'd think *my* state beyond the state of *kings*.

HYMN

H Y M N
T O T H E
D E I T Y.

T O Thee, great parent of existing form,
Prime font from whence the stream of goodness flows
In unexhausted purity; to Thee
My oraisons belong. Let not the sin,
The frailties of my youth, ere yet the mind
With sober judgment hold due conference,
Exclude me from thy smile. Frequent my heart
With gratitude expands, and silent thanks,
Tho' latent from the world: for not alone
Devotion sheds its sanctity of flame

On

On outward adoration ; oft it beams
Its vivifying ray upon the breast
Of modest privacy. When early morn
Leads on the attendant hour : when highest noon
Rides in the centre of the day, and eve
Comes dress'd in shade, drawing o'er Nature's face
Her undulating hand—then swells my mind
Replete with thee. Abstracted from the scene,
O'er which terrestrial speculation bends
Her avaricious eye, full many a sigh
In holy fervency to thee ascends,
And through the curtain of opponent vice
Breaks faithful, genuine. Accept, I pray,
This tribute of my heart, till by degrees
On Virtue's everlasting base I stand
Erect, and trample on the neck of Sin.

How

How then my breast with love divine will glow,
Each mortal wish contemning, and each thought
Adapting to thy will!—Transporting change!
That were a conquest worthy to engage
Each human effort, richer than the spoil
Snatch'd by the victor's hand, when gorged Death
Stands satiate o'er the foe—yet dearer far
Than is the laurel nodding on his brow,
Returning glorious from th' embattled field,
In all the glare of pride, and farce of triumph.
How lovely will the cheek of Nature look,
Wearing the smile of constancy, when Sin
Shall be exterminated. Satan then,
Hopeless of future prey, amidst his flames
Shall howl in solitary woe—And once,
Yet once again shall angels visit earth

With

With tears extatic, and commune with man.
If nam'd with this, the sound of pleasure's dull,
From low mortality deriv'd. 'Tis pain,
'Tis misery's extreme, if once compar'd
To joy like this, so lasting, so sublime.

But oh! when I reflect, how manifold,
How countless man's transgressions are, by Thee,
By Thee alone recorded—'midst the rest
Mine too for ever in the roll of Heav'n
Inscrib'd indelible—I think—I pause—
Nor dare to ask remission. Conscious still
In error I persist—Yet thou art good,
And from eternity didst reign supreme,
Unutterably good. Uplift me, then,
And place me near the sun-shine of thine eye,

My

My soul regenerate : for without thee,
All strength is vain, and weak endeavour faints.

Ungrateful man ! how long wilt thou pursue
The step of Syren pleasure ? And how long
Her bitter sweets imbibe ? Say ! canst thou live
Unthankful on the blessing of the day,
Count ev'ry moment, that abridges life,
Of good productive, nor attune thy mind
To moral sentiment ? not plaud thy hands
Erected to Jehovah, nor his praise
Resound with sacred rapture ?—Wretch ! thou canst,
Canst reap the treasure of the fertile plain,
Made fertile by omnipotence—canst feel,
Unmov'd, the renovating orb of light,
And eye with unconcern the broad extent

Of

Of love celestial—how creation round
Thrives by benevolence supreme.—All this
Inglorious canst thou do, nor mark the hand
That fills earth's lap with vernal herb and flow'r,
Autumnal fruit, and Ceres' golden grain,
The hand that from thy seat of selfish pride
Can instantaneous whirl thee to perdition.

Perhaps thou fondly dreamst to sin secure
Through his infinitude of love. Dream on,
Till Justice shall arouse, and bid thee wake
To horror inconceivable—till guilt,
Thine antecedent guilt shall feel the rod
Of irritated vengeance—Tho' she limp
On lazy-pacing foot, yet shalt thou find
She quickens by delay: yet shalt thou find

Thou

Thou canst not scape her vulnerating arm.
Then wilt thou rue, that erst in evil hour
Thou welcom'dst vice—whilst Piety the tear
Of tend'rest pity wept, as to her dome,
With hand of consecrated innocence,
The goddess pointed—yet, to her return
A faithful profelyte, nor dare provoke
The sleeping thunder of all-righteous Heav'n.

Where can I turn mine eye, but goodness beams
Its influence omnipresent. In the deep
It shines confess'd : for in the liquid world
Whatever floats, existence draws from thee,
Great Cause of All. Whatever through the air
Stretches the plume, and ventilates its way :
Whate'er the nutrimental herbage crops,

Or

Or crawls on earth submissive, lives sustain'd
By bounty universal, and divine.
Were this remov'd, all nature then would faint,
And drop to primal nought—all order cease—
And earth, and sea, and air, become one viewless blank.
What is this ingrate man, that thou on him
Should kindly lavish all thy bounteous store?
This supercilious wretch! who, ere he gains
The steep ascent of knowledge, measures half
His brevity of being?—Would he use
His mental pow'rs aright, this spot of earth
He would illumine with peculiar splendor,
Clear as the brightest firmamental star,
When all is peace, and not a busy cloud
Spreads its obstructing sail athwart the air.

But

But oh! when retrospection shews the cross
Where, in atonement for the sins of man,
Thy precious Son sweat blood, and with a sigh,
A duteous sigh, expir'd—redeeming then
The forfeit soul of mortals—how I marvel
At this immensity of love?—I weep—
Ungrateful as I am, I weep—for oh!
Reflection prompts the penitential tear.
Flow on—'tis grief celestial:—if it springs
Pure through the heart's contrition, Faith has yet
Comforts in store for me. Her hand shall cleanse
The earth-stain that contaminates my soul—
Thron'd in her safe asylum, on my brow
Eternity shall fix the coronet of Heav'n.

When in a nation's cause a hero falls,
(Goaded perchance with mad ambition's rage)

How

How loud swift-pinion'd fame, with open mouth,
His valiant acts re-bellows to the world !
For him the servile poet choicely culls
Each mercenary laurel, and records
His high achievements in immortal verse,
(Immortal, if the century of time
Be immortality) and on the wall,
The trophy'd wall of praise, a mimic life
To him each rival son of sculpture gives.
If this be worth the care of mortal minds,
Much more that symbol of celestial love
For human race apostate.——Let us bend
The knee of worship here—here shed the tear
Of prostrate penitence—here let the heart
Own its great debt.—Obdurate sinner ! blush,
Be Virtue's heir, repent, and be forgiv'n.

Oh !

Oh! all sufficient! thou perfection sole
Of love illimitable, in thy might
Unbounded, and stupendous! how shall man,
Straining thine excellence to comprehend,
Climb up the precipice of thought. Alas!
In wonder he is lost, nor can the mind
Pursue its travel further, than to see
A part of thy amazing whole, and thence
To rest convinc'd, and seeing to adore.

Hark—how the wing'd inhabitants of air,
In choral unison of Nature's music,
Pour forth their canticles of joy—pour'd forth
Their gratitude to testify. To me
The bleats that eccho from the fleecy plains,
And the responsive lowings of the vale,
Like a thanksgiving sound. From nature's feast

Refresh'd

Refresh'd they rise, and leave the rest to man.
He reaps the surplus, and forgets the hand
That plac'd the benefaction in his reach.

Let Memory for ever on my mind
Impress the signet of thy fairest hour.
For, oh! it was a bless'd one—when thou saidst
Let there be light—and at thy potent word,
Omnific bidding! strait yon globe arose
With dazzling super-eminence, and spread
Its silver edging round the sable pall
Of darkness.—Hail, oh Sun! in hailing thee,
The hand, that lighted up thy lamp, I praise.
Without thy aid, what were the di'mond's blaze,
Or what the ruby, whence the light derives
The rays of crimson tinge? Within the lap
Of night, invisible, they rest conceal'd,

As

As pebbles, indiscriminate. Thy flame
Their sparkle kindles, and thy lustre beams
The proud distinction on the raptur'd eye.
Hail to thy genial fire, that o'er the morn
Streams gladness inexpressive. All things wear
The smile of sympathy, when Night resigns
Her ebon sceptre to thy golden sway.
Thro' thee the earth brings forth. The laughing flow'r
Its breast expands, inviting all thy rays,
And courting air to idle on its sweets.
Wert thou eclips'd, how would the visual nerve
In slumber sink. No longer then the sight
Of human face divine can charm. The bloom
Of beauty fades. Deformity may claim
An equal privilege to be admir'd.
Where art thou, Seraph Gratitude? Come down,
Down from the rock of virtue, and to man,

I

Rob'd

Rob'd in the vestment of humility,
Stand forth reveal'd. 'Tis she shall teach my tongue
Her note celestial, in my throbbing heart
Her balm infuse, and bend my stubborn knee.
Oh! infinite of mercy! What but love
To man, ineffable, and patient suff'ring,
Thy wrath can supersede? E'en while I speak,
Thy pow'r, as quick as thou art slow to punish,
Can blot me from existence, and for ever,
Tremendous thought! torment, or bless my soul.
But how unfit I am to meet thy sight
Full well thou know'st. Thy pity bids me live,
To preparation live. Come then, my heart,
Thus ever let my lips pour forth thy song.

“ For me, the circling seasons of the year
“ Shall find me hymning my Creator's name.

“ When

- " When Spring, in vest of purest æther clad,
 " Creation's womb impregnates : and when Sol
 " Gives heat to summer months: when Autumn smiles
 " At Ceres' plenteous horn, and gladfome bends
 " Beneath Pomona's kind, oppressive load :
 " When shiv'ring Winter o'er the lazy flood
 " His gelid arm imposes, and entwines
 " Each weeping Naiad with his icy chain :
 " Or whether on the earth's contracted bed
 " He spreads his ample sheet of snow, or shakes
 " The hill-top, yielding to his potent breath :
 " At every revolution, long as life
 " My bosom warms, to note of holy praise
 " My harp will I attune, and celebrate
 " The God of goodness, and the God of pow'r".

O D E
T O
G R A T I T U D E.

CAN man in plenty thanks live,
And take what Heav'n vouchsafes to give?
With unconcern can he behold
Yon solar orb of dazzling gold,
And see, unmov'd, each dying plant and flow'r
Confess the *fiat* of its vegetative pow'r?

The

The lapses of the chequer'd year
Can he review, and not revere?
And, while with raptur'd eye he views
Things form'd, and vary'd to his use,
Can he in lordly riot waste his days,
Nor from his heart ejaculate one note of praise?

He can—whilst he unlicens'd roves
Thro' Sin's gay walks, and tempting groves;
Whilst yet he quaffs from Pleasure's bowl
Spontaneous poison to his soul,
From vice to vice whilst yet he dares to roam,
And recollective thought is absent from her home.

The spring returns with blooming face,
The panting summer runs its race,

Next,

Next, autumn, richest of the year,
And winter lagging in the rear;
Yet tho' these heralds Time's swift ebb proclaim,
Spring, summer, autumn, winter, find him still the same

Come, *Gratitude*; my soul refine,
And make thy poet half divine :
Teach me to sing in deathless lays,
My glorious Benefactor's praise :
Come, smiling Cherub, from thy blest abode,
Uplift me on thy plumes, and bear me to my God.

ODE

O D E

T O

P O E T R Y.

LED by the Muse thy starry mount I climb,
Which stands unhurt amidst the wrecks of time.

Here ample-headed *Flora* lays

A carpet of eternal flow'rs.

In gay rotation fly the nimble days,

And festive mirth leads on the dancing hours.

Yet

Yet has the lightning blaz'd around its brow,
And left unsing'd the laurel's verdant bough,
Untouch'd th' immortal bays remain :
For Nature fills the lofty space,
The goddess here has fix'd her stable reign ;
'Tis sacred all, and Heaven protects the place,

From hence imagination cleaves the skies,
And all creation bursts upon mine eyes.
Whatever sleeps in ocean's bed,
Or floats upon the fluid air,
Each humble vale, and mountain's lordly head,
I see, and bow to him who plac'd 'em there.

Oh Poetry ! who can thy joys proclaim !
Who, but thy bard, perpetuate thy name !

Ev'n

Ev'n I, the hindmost in thy train,
Obsequious to thy distant nod,
Dare in thy praise to lisp a feeble strain,
Yet tremble at the rigid critic's rod.

Thou taughtst thy sister thy creative skill,
And lo! each image quickens at her will,

So potent is her sacred breath,
The canvas lives at her command;
And shades of heroes, long consign'd to death,
Resurge beneath her vivifying hand.

Nor less does Mufick, ever charming maid,
Feel the propitious advent of thy aid.

She harmonizes empty sound,
As words, and sentiment inspire,
Makes Eccho's hall reverberate around,
And wakes each note that slept within her lyre.

Sweet

Sweet Poetry ! when bus'ness sets me free,
Oh ! let me spend a vacant hour with thee,
For through thy channel's ample maze
Fair harmony devolves its tide ;
The smiling sun sheds inexhausted rays,
As thro' *Jehovah's* land thy holy waters glide *.

* Alluding to the Poetical Language of the Scriptures.

ODE

O D E

T O

H E A L T H.

SOON as the nimble handmaid hours,
Emerging from their twilight bow'rs,

The fair *Aurora* have divinely drest,

Ere yet the radiant lord of day,

Chacing the humid clouds away,

With heav'nly glow hath flush'd the palefac'd east,

Oh rose-lip'd virgin! are thy footsteps seen

Both on the mountain slope, and on the level green.

What

What time within the maze of sleep
The drones of life their senses steep,
Whilst dreams oppressive o'er their fancies ride,
Thou joinst the merry random dance
With Exercise and Temperance,
That the gay groom, and *this* the happy bride.
These are thy parents, and from such as these
Did Britain's hardy race spring up in ancient days,

Queen of each grace! sweet-featur'd maid!
Without thy gen'rous, constant aid
Love's frisky land in vain doth Beauty tread.
No genuine, fond adorer dies
Beneath her brilliant, killing eyes,
For all their lustre, all their fire, is fled,
Nor can the fair one long the loss survive,
Till thou her charms restore, and keep those charms alive,

Oh!

Oh! fav'rite of the human race,
What certain, quick events take place,
Dispensing gracious boons when thou art nigh!
Sickness, un-pillowing his head,
Starts up alertly from his bed,
And looks around him with a joyful eye;
Whilst Grief, who like a skeleton appears,
Blithe from his thin-worn cheek wipes off the scalding tears.

At thy salute, thy friendly touch,
Th' enfeebl'd mortal o'er his crutch
No longer bends, but stands erect at length.
Sudden he feels with dear surprize
Each fibre stretch, each muscle rise,
And looks the figure of elastic strength.
Wielding his club, *Alcides* like, he goes,
Surveys his brawny limbs, and scarce himself he knows.

Ah!

Ah ! when shall I thy blessings share ?
When wilt thou give thy vital air
To fan the dying embers of my soul ?
When shall I join, when once again
Join thy jocose, thy ruddy train,
And quaff with decency thy sober bowl ?
View me with pity, and thy pow'r diffuse,
Rebrace my flaccid nerves, and cheer my languid muse.

Since in thy primrose path I've been,
The pranked Spring hath pass'd unseen,
Nor left one little flower to feast my eye ;
And *that brown beauty*, who the horn
Of Plenty fills with golden corn,
In trim straw-hat hath tripp'd regardless by ;
Pomona too her ample store display'd,
Since through thy sylvan walks of Paradise I stray'd,

And

And twice hath Winter, foe severe
To the soft sunshine of the year,
Disclos'd his horrid scenery of woe ;
Twice from the rude the chilling north
The hoary fire hath fallied forth,
Bending beneath a magazine of snow ;
Then, whilst the whirl-winds rag'd at his command,
Shook the vast burthen off, and roll'd it through the land.

Once more, propitious Health ! once more
My feeble frame to strength restore,
Nor let me fall a victim to despair.
Alas ! I fear my troubl'd mind
Is lost, and rambles unconfin'd,
Else why to thee should I prefer my pray'r ?
GREAT GOD OF MERCIES ! THOU alone canst save
My weak, my sinking soul, and wrest me from the grave.

To

T O

I N D U S T R Y.

QUEEN of the fertile globe ! at whose command
Thy daughter Plenty fills the teeming land,
Oh ! dawn success upon my lay,
Nor from thy care the bard remove ;
The bard, who pays due homage to thy sway,
Is no inferior object of thy love.

Genius of Arts ! behold fair Sculpture stand,
The bold, life-looking image of thy hand,

Cloſe

Cloſe by her, Painting takes her ſeat,
With eye intent on Beauty's line;
And with thy pencil labours to compleat
Her comprehensive, uniform deſign.

Cultur'd by thee, more florid blooms the roſe,
More bland the modeſt, white-rob'd lily blows.

Whatever ſtrikes the raptur'd ſight,
In beds of flowers, we owe to thee,
Thine is the fount from whence we drink delight,
Thou ſweeteſt nurſe of *Flora's* progeny !

Without thee, brown-hair'd *Ceres* would throw down,
In weeping mood, her wheat-encircl'd crown.

No longer would the nymph at eaſe
Recline upon her barley-mow ;
Nor more her active, buſy mind would pleaſe
With thoughts of future harveſt from the plough.
K Thy

Thy fons she beckons to her moving plains,
Her treasure interchanging for their pains :

And lo ! with fiddles in each hand

Thy stout laborious fons appear,
In jocund attitude prepar'd they stand
To reap the produce of the autumnal year.

Hence the brown sparkling glass delights the eye
Round the gay board, while Mirth sits laughing by.

Hence Poverty exalts her head,

And feels again one chearful hour,
Supremely pleas'd she breaks the public bread,
And thanks the hand that plac'd it in her pow'r.

But should thy Poet turn his raptur'd eyes
To where thy proud imperial cities rise,

What

What vast ideas of thy wealth
Would crowd upon his wond'ring mind,
To meet thee circling, like the breath of health,
And as th' enlarging ocean unconfin'd!

Hence stately Commerce spreads her ample sail,
And gives un-aw'd her streamers to the gale.
Her ship, with various treasure fraught,
O'er *Neptune's* heaving bosom rides;
Her ship, which thou hast built, and proudly taught
To brave the winds, and triumph o'er the tides.

Thee I acknowledge Mistress of the Sea;
For Navigation learn'd her art from thee;
And but for thee, thou soul of trade!
In vain would surly *Neptune* roar,
No distant climates would be then survey'd,
And foreign intercourse would be no more.

All hail ! ye Spirits of extensive hearts *,
Who in Life's *drama* act your useful parts !
Who bid the industrious artist rise
To heights, whose flight your aid has taught,
Whose index points to Fame's eternal skies,
Whose pow'rs up-hold, and fledge the wing of thought.

* The Society for Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce.

O N
M U S I C.

HENCE, dull-brow'd Melancholy! creep away
To weeping caverns, exil'd from the day.
Thy temples bathe with nightly dew,
That drops from yonder baneful yew;
Or go where endless Horror dwells,
To Bedlam walls, to Newgate cells,
Else while thy front distils a sweating show'r,
Go watch the murder'd corpse at midnight's frightful hour.

But

But come, thou parent of poetic song,
Pride of my verse, sweet Music, haste along;
Descend from thine æthereal bow'rs,
And with thee bring the sportive hours.
She comes—the sportive hours obey,
And trip before the dancing day.
A harp adorns her hand; and on her face
Sits each attractive charm of each attractive *Grace*.

No more the factious winds are heard to rave,
Yon foaming flood has calm'd its angry wave.
Hush'd is the jay's discordant note,
Silent the raven's croaking throat;
Throughout the woods, throughout the plains,
Stillness, an awful stillness, reigns.
Each tuneful bird is mute. All nature round
Seems pausing, and prepar'd to hear the magic sound.

And

And hark ! how gentle she salutes the ear !

The touch how soft ! the melody how clear !

To love she lightly sweeps the strings,

Smooth fly the notes on filken wings.

These are the strains that sooth my care,

Alarm, and terrify Despair.

The low'ring demon startles at the sound,

Stalks off in sullen mood, and treads unhallow'd ground.

Now, now the note she swells and rings of arms,

Heav'n's ! how the noble air my spirit warms !

I feel, I feel my courage glow,

And rush in thought to meet the foe,

Methinks I see the martial plain

Enfanguin'd o'er with heaps of slain :

Heroes and steeds in wild confusion roll,

And terror seize on all, but *Fred'rick's* daring soul.

See !

See ! while the Goddefs plays, around her throng
The joy-struck quadrupedes to hear the song.
Delighted neighs the conscious steed,
The hungry bull forgets to feed,
Yon stag is tame. The dappled fawns
Exult, and scud along the lawns.
Enamour'd Eccho, in the distant vale,
Answers her sister's voice in ev'ry soften'd gale.

No more the fierce-ey'd tiger threatens harm,
But lays him down, and listens to the charm :
Nor less the lion 'bates his rage ;
(Such pow'r has Music to assuage)
The rav'nous wolves let loose their prey ;
Her impulse furious pards obey.
Th' uncurling adder too begins to rear
His sparkling crest elate, as if he seem'd to hear.

But

But ah ! she stops her soul enchanting strain,

And soars to her celestial throne again.

Adieu, ye flatt'ring sounds ! adieu !

The change is felt all nature through.

Surcharg'd with rain the clouds appear

To stain the products of the year ;

And now they burst—loud thunder tears the sky,

And nought but dreary gloom surrounds the weeping eye.

SPRING.

S P R I N G.

A GAIN the blossom'd hedge is seen :

The turf again is dress'd in smiling green :

Again the lark ascends the sky,

Winnows the air, and lessens on the eye.

The swallow, that the meads forsook,

Revisits now, and skims along the brook.

The daw to steeple-top up-springs,

And the rook spreads his ventilating wings.

The feather'd tribe, on ev'ry spray,

Chant lively carols to the vernal day.

Each

Each length'ning morn's diurnal light
Beams fresher beauties on the raptur'd sight.

The leaves hang clust'ring on the trees,
And Health comes riding on the tepid breeze.

Where'er the goddess fans her way,
Creation feels her universal sway.

The garden, moist with April show'rs,
Teems with a family of laughing flow'rs.

Not ev'n a ray, or drop of rain,
But what impregnates, or that shines in vain.

Yet tho' the bounteous hand of Heav'n,
All-good, this liberality has giv'n,

Beyond our wishes amply kind,
Ingratitude still stains the human mind.

Man sees, around, celestial pow'r,
And thanksless tastes the blessings of each hour.

He

He reaps the produce of the plains,
And meanly thinks it tribute for his pains.
Fond wretch ! the sordid thought forbear,
Nor to thy narrow self confine thy care ;
For know, the Deity, who gives to-day,
To-night may blast thy crops, and snatch thy soul away.

H Y M N

H Y M N
TO THE
M O R N I N G.

WRITTEN IN SUMMER.

HAIL Goddess of the silver star,
Whose twinkling orb gives signal of the day;
Oh! queen of light, whose virgin ray
The Sun salutes in his celestial car;
Whose active heat melts ev'ry cloud
That would thy dawn of glory shroud,
And stain the lustre of thy laughing eye,
While beneath thy azure sky

Dimple-

Dimple-cheek'd Health with rosy feature glows,

Thro' lowing pastures on she goes,

Wearing the milkmaid's ruddy grace,

Ease in her tripping step, and pleasure in her face.

Fore-runner of the day's bright reign,

And giver of unspeakable delight !

How Nature triumphs at thy sight,

And looks thanksgiving thro' her large domain :

At thy approach, the conscious trees

Bend humbly to the tepid breeze,

And ev'ry flow'r a fresher brightness wears.

Labour to the field repairs,

Where buxom *Ceres* waits him with a smile,

Whistling he crosses ev'ry stile,

Or chants some love-lorn ditty's air,

With which he means to charm, and win his fav'rite fair.

Oh !

Oh! sov'reign of the spicy gale,
 Of odours pure, and salutary dews,
 Oft as thy star its beam renews,
 Thy vi'let breath entranc'd let me inhale:
 Give me to range thy wholesome hills,
 Thy vallies wash'd with crystal rills,
 And verdant lawns, where many a wild flow'r grows,
 There while Zephyr softly blows,
 Let me indulge the heav'n-devoted thought,
 And render praises, as I ought,
 To him whose pow'r and love divine
 Call'd thee from total void, and ^{to} thy beauty shine.

O D E
T O
E V E N I N G.

THOU tranquil daughter of the Day !
On whose fair face autumnal Zephyrs play ;
O'er whose serene unclouded eye
Sol sheds the mildest lustre of the sky.
Thee, undisturb'd, oh ! let me hail,
And tread the carpet of thy verdant vale ;
Near which, with bonnet wheaten-bound,
Sits *Ceres* list'ning to the sheep-bell's sound ;
Or let me woo thee by the stream
Obliquely gilded by the western beam,

While

While flies and gnats unnumber'd throng,
And faintly murmur no unpleasing song.

Now, to enjoy the silent hour,
The lark descends from his aerial tow'r;

Apollo is reclin'd to rest
Upon the down of *Amphitrite's* breast;

The bird, who loves the coming night,
Hoots querulous, and flaps his wing for flight;

With wheeling plume the bat flits by,
And mocks th' imperfect motion of the eye;

The buzzing chafer here and there
Spreads his gauze wing, and spins along the air:

But dark-ey'd night (so Heav'n ordains)
Comes nodding on, and blackens all the plains.

The pleasing scenes, which Nature drew,
Are clouded o'er, and vanish'd from the view.

L

The

The splendid Morn, the Noon of Day,
And all the shades of Ev'ning are away;
But soon the splendid Morn again
Shall radiate all the firmamental plain,
And soon the Sun's meridian ray,
Zenith'd on high, shall give us back the Day;
And Ev'ning! thou, with aspect bland,
Shalt pour thy length'ning shadow o'er the land.
Such is thy pictur'd life, oh man!
Which daily dies, and fades as it began.
Thy infant Morn shall sink away,
Thy Noon of youth, and Ev'ning age, decay.
Then Death shall wrap thee in his urn,
For dust thou wert, and shalt to dust return.

ODE

O D E
O N
J A N U A R Y.

O N yon black cloud, behold *Aquarius* stand,
Poising an ample urn in either hand !
The load he sways, then swiftly pours
In cataracts the deluge down ;
The rough wind howls discordant with the shower's,
And Nature knits each feature to a frown.
The dripping poultry seek the closest sheds,
The pensive warblers droop their little heads :

Nor without cause. No gilding ray
Breaks thro' the foggy veil of air;
But all is picturesque of blank dismay,
Engend'ring spirits of extreme despair.

Is this th' unpleasing foretaste of the year?
And does the first month meet me with a tear?

And shall not better days ensue,
The soul to cherish and sustain?
Shall no bright prospect lengthen to the view,
No river smile, no landscape charm again?

Lo! fly the clouds: the sun renews his ray,
Aquarius adds a lustre to the day:

To globes of ice each freezing urn
Transforms: the crown, which late he wore
Surcharg'd with wet, condenses in its turn,
And looks a substance of self-polish'd ore.

Now

Now round the board, my friends ! in concert join,
And drown despair in copious floods of wine.

Vulcan ! sit down and blow the fire,

And *Bacchus*, thou ! my butler be :

Approach, my Genius ! fill the goblet higher,

I'll have no other *Ganymede* but thee.

THE

THE
V I O L E T.

SERENE is the morning, the lark leaves his nest,
And sings a salute to the dawn.

The sun with his splendor illumines the East,
And brightens the dew on the lawn.

Whilst the sons of debauch to indulgence give way,
And slumber the prime of their hours,
Let us, my dear *Stella*! the garden survey,
And make our remarks on the flow'rs.

The gay gaudy tulip observe as you walk,
How flaunting the gloss of its vest!
How proud! and how stately it stands on its stalk,
In beauty's diversity drest!
From the rose, the carnation, the pink and the clove,
What odours delightfully spring!
The South wafts a richer perfume to the grove,
As he brushes the leaves with his wing.
A part

Apart from the rest, in her purple array,

The violet humbly retreats;

In modest concealment she peeps on the day,

Yet none can excel her in sweets:

So humble, that, tho' with unparallel'd grace

She might e'en a palace adorn,

She oft in the hedge hides her innocent face,

And grows at the foot of the thorn.

So Beauty, my fair one! is doubly refin'd,

When Modesty heightens her charms,

When Meekness, like thine, adds a gem to her mind,

We long to be lock'd in her arms.

Tho' *Venus* herself, from her throne should descend,

And the Graces await at her call,

To thee the gay world would with preference bend,

And hail thee the *Ki'et* of all.

VER-

V E R S E S

WRITTEN AT

DONNINGTON PARK in LEICESTER-SHIRE,

The Seat of the Right Honourable the Earl of
HUNTINGDON.

“ ’TIS not a lip or eye we beauty call,
“ But the joint force, and full result of all.”

Thus sung dan *Pope*—and surely due regard
Must e’er accompany so sweet a bard.

What he hath said, and none hath yet deny’d,
To thee, O Donnington! may be apply’d.

But could the Poet from the tomb arise,
And on this rural Eden feast his eyes,
Could he for once behold this sylvan scene,

Each walk umbrageous, and each view serene,

O’er

O'er ev'ry lawn, through ev'ry valley range,
His mind the Poet certainly would change,
And own, that Beauty, free from all control,
Reign'd here in parts, divested from the whole.
Then Donnington, in his immortal lays,
As first in merit, would be first in praise.
Her broader shades his polish'd verse would grace,
And *Windsor* mourn to hold a second place.
But much I fear the task would be too hard,
Tho' smoothly labour'd by so smooth a bard;
For when the picture he had vainly thought,
Throughout the whole, with rare perfection wrought,
Nature and HUNTINGDON amidst these views
Would shew some latent charm, and triumph o'er the muse.

THE

T H E
P E D I C U L A I A D :

O R,

B U C K R A M Triumphant.

I Do not now, as erst, invoke the Muse,
Who from the *Aonian* mount, or sacred spring
Of *Castaly*, aided the soaring bard,
Sage *Melesigenes*; nor her, who since
Bore our great *Milton* with advent'rous wing
Beyond the visible diurnal sphere;
But great *Sartoria*, cross-legg'd Goddess, thee,
And thee alone, I supplicate. Do thou
(Whether in *Gallic* palaces, where pomp
Eternal empire holds, thou reign'st superb,

Or

Or on the banks of gently-murm'ring *Thames*,
 Supreme of rivers, hast thy fragrant seat)
 Assist my numbers, and my spirits raise
 Quick to the height of this great argument,
 Unequal else and weak. Thou from the first
 Hast been, thou art, and to the end shalt be
 Invok'd, on like occasion, of the clan
 Hight *Sartors*, num'rous vermin-breeding race.
 Tutelar Queen! Now, now, I feel thy force
 Elastic swelling in my veins. My soul,
 Tow'ring in airy car, looks down on earth,
 And earthly things, with scorn, seeking a name,
 A deathless name, and meditates to sing
 Wars yet untouch'd, high matter in high verse:
 The Wars of *PULEX* and *PEDICULUS*.

High on his shop-board in exalted state
 Pre-eminent fat *Buckram*, full of thought,

And

And wan with care. Upon his faded brow,
Entrench'd with many a frown, pale Discontent
Hung lowring. Inward anguish tore his soul
And deep despair. Thrice he essay'd to speak,
And thrice his words fell inward, unpronounc'd.
Within the regions of his bristly hair,
Forest well tenanted, enwrap in heap
Of scurfy dardrin, sage *Pediculus*,
Against the cabbaging fraternity
Inveterate, lay lurking: small but proud,
Nor deigning to inhabit other seat
Than the imperial Capitol. Long there
Had he possess'd a safe untroubled seat,
Unrivall'd, undisturb'd: but at the touch
Of finger, back retiring, fled amaz'd,
The fatal teeth of ivory or horn
Sore dreading; nor did freezing terror leave

His

His stagnate veins, till, on the spinal bone
Seated triumphant, his heart swells with pride,
And glories in his flight prudential—Flight,
Which oft when reason prompts, when danger bids,
Brings greater glory than victorious arms.

Here, credulously safe, secure of harm,
As meaning none, the affrighted wretch recalls
His dissipated spirits, and exults,
Viewing the country round ; collected then,
He scorns all thoughts of fear, as always prompt
To plunge into the buckskin, yawning wide,
Not for such habitant, but fit prepar'd
For superfluity of cloth and silk.

Liv'd in these shades a lawless race of Fleas,
Blood-thirsty, riotous, by nature arm'd

With

With glitt'ring scales, bold in attack, and swift
As modern gen'ral in a wise retreat,

Whilst in these shades the scarce recover'd wretch
Rov'd harmless, forth the daring champions rush,
Inhospitable crew, the stranger deeming
Or enemy profess'd, or spy conceal'd,
And of their puissance vain an easy prey
Mis-judging. He, defenceless and alone,
The united shock sustain'd, and, in himself
Collected, turn'd the terror on his foes.
Fir'd with resentment, and vindictive rage,
He gives a loose to death; vast heaps of slain
Around him fall, and o'er vast heaps of slain
He urges on resistless, hanging o'er,
With blood-distained claws, the dastard necks
Of flying foes. They now their rash attempt

Too

Too late repent, and in their wonted haunts
Seek peace, seek safety, from the avenging wrath
Of foe implacable : but in their haunts
Nor peace nor safety find. The avenging foe
Ev'n there pursues, and in their dens destroys.

Thus, when an eager band of treachers vile,
Prefuming on their numbers, dare attack
Some single chieftain, great in deeds of arms,
Fam'd in romance, *Cyrus*, or *Artaban*,
Or *Oroondates* ; with deserv'd contempt,
Conscious of innate virtue, he receives
Their weak essay, and his high brandish'd sword,
Sure instrument of death, unerring falls
Swift as a whirlwind on their craven crests.
Pale Fear prevails, and universal rout,
With gen'ral horror, and confused cry

Of

Of dying Fleas ; which as their monarch heard,
Dauntless he issued forth, the cause to learn
And to redress. Upon his awful front
Pale anger sat, and overweening pride
Contemptuous lowr'd. Vain of his boasted strength,
And vaunting in his might, full oft approv'd
In perils imminent, and hardy deeds
Of chivalry, for battle he prepar'd,
Breathing defiance. From his eyes stern rage
Indignant flash'd. Him with less rage, but not
Less courage, and superior skill, engag'd
His opposite, determin'd. Never met,
In interchange of gallant hardiment,
Knights better match'd—*Pulex*, in flow'r of youth,
And prime of vigour, thirsting for renown,
Bold, but unwary : his antagonist,
Better'd by age, an hardy veteran,

Valiant,

Valiant, and to his valour temperate :
By long experience tutor'd ; in resolves
As wisely slow, as bold in execution,
Deliberately brave. Such were the knights,
And such they met in arms. Vast throngs of fleas
Arranged stood, wav'ring 'twixt hope and fear,
And doubtful of th' event. With equal chance
Long fought they ; and the scales of victory,
Equally pois'd, hung dubious. Now with shouts
The glad spectators greet their valiant king,
Superior deem'd. Him, neither strength, nor skill
Superior render'd, but blind chance, 'gainst which
The greatest puissance fights with vain assay :
For, whilst the stranger knight, prepar'd to end
At one decisive blow the combat fell,
And, meditating death, collects his strength

M

In

In one vast stroke, his watchful enemy
Great *Pulex* leaps aside, escapes the storm,
And the whole blow is spent upon the air.
The eluded warrior, thus by chance betray'd,
Fell prostrate. Him the insulting foe with taunts
And menaces pursues—Discourtesy
Unworthy warlike knight! But all too soon
With conscious virtue fir'd, and noble shame,
With memory of past exploits, his high
Renown and glory fully'd, and his name
For ever lost, unless estsoons retriev'd,
(*Pediculus* erst vanquish'd) thought arose,
Unbounded passion and exceeding wrath
Inflam'd his eyes, and with redoubled strength
Precipitate he drove the breathless king,
Weak and despairing, thro' the pathless woods,

Who

Who warr'd not now for honour, but for life.
In vain—his foe with sage advisement seiz'd
Him trembling and unguarded, and with wound
Fatal and sure transpierc'd his breast. The king
Indignant fell, and with a groan expir'd.
Thus, whom the Fleas but now had victor judg'd,
And triumph'd in the thought (of fickle war
Disastrous turn) fallen and dead they see,
Mangled and torn by an insulting foe.
They see, and fly—high time for flight, when he,
The bravest of all Fleas that liv'd on earth,
Lay on the ground, a trunk inanimate.

This gen'ral hubbub, and confus'd uproar
Of battle and of flight, from pensive mood

M 2

Great

Great *Buckram* rous'd, on some high charge intent,
And mutely fix'd in cogitation deep ;
Or pond'ring with himself, what arts might best
Conceal deformity ; what skill reform,
And mend the errors of dame Nature's hand :
Or how with likeliest hope he might pursue
Debts long despair'd, patrician ; by what quirks
(In such case just) might gain his right, and arm
Unwilling justice against those, who plead
A privilege to cheat, by birthright knaves.
Or this, or like to this, employ'd the thoughts
Of *Buckram* sad, and from these thoughts arrows'd
His ready hand, dread instrument of fate,
To know the cause of this confusion wild,
And insurrection loud—and to inflict

Due

Due vengeance on the author ; thus he spoke,
 Loud-menacing : “ Back-biting race ! says he,
 “ Rebellious crew ! no more shall ye reside
 “ In easy liberty, and thro’ these shades
 “ Unquestion’d rove, since, therewith not content,
 “ Ye penetrate illicit seats, and dare
 “ Thus haughtily insult the citadel,
 “ Sacred to safety, *galligaskins* hight,
 “ Inhabited by inguinalian race,
 “ A race averse to war—Have I for this,
 “ Ungrateful wretches, fed ye with my blood,
 “ Divisions to create, and strife ferment ?
 “ But long ye shall not so—with potent hand
 “ Your pride I’ll tame, and from my shades expel
 “ Such abject bands, to wander on the earth,
 “ A crew inglorious, outcast, and despis’d.”

Thus

Thus *Buckram* spake, (unweeting whence the cause
Of this rude uproar) and, with cunning hand
And strong, the victor seiz'd, who nought deserv'd
Or dreamt of harm, his mighty foe subdu'd,
And all his subjects in confusion fled.
Him *Buckram* seiz'd;—nought now avail'd his strength,
Nought now avail'd his art, to counterpoise
The strength and skill of his incensed foe,
Unequal. Thus, when chanticleer, with voice
Piercing and shrill, and loud applause of wings,
Proclaims his triumph o'er some haughty foe,
Deem'd his compeer, and o'er the dunghill struts,
Supreme and eminent; him from on high
Descries the tow'ring falcon, and with flight
Insidious, sailing round and round in air,

(Oc-

(Occasion spy'd) with unexpected swoop
Seizes and bears away, weak with late fight,
In vain reluctant thro' the wide expanse.

Thus falls by fraud stout chanticler, and thus
Fell great *Pediculus*. Him *Buckram* held
Captive, than falcon fiercer and more fell.

“ Cease, says *Sartoria*'s offspring; cease, fond wretch,
“ By vain attempts, of subtilty or strength,
“ To hope escape and life; death thou hast deserv'd,
“ And certain death shall be thy punishment.”

He said, nor deigning farther speech, forth drew
Capacious urn, which thro' misfortune mourn'd
Loss of one ear; the outside with colour shone
Cærulean, to the brim with liquid brine
Replete. Into this vast abyss, the flood

Of

Of death, noisome and foul, *Sartoria's* son,
To mercy deaf, the supplicating Louse
Flung fierce, and whilst he flung, "Curl, briny flood,
"Thy saffron wave," said he. The briny flood
Obedient rose, and curl'd her saffron wave
Indignant, and high over-arch'd ingulph'd
The trembling wretch. So, when in hot pursuit
The valiant son of *Peleus* (to compare
Great things with small) slaughter'd the *Trojan* host
In *Simois'* flood, *Simois*, partial god,
Arose, and with tumultuous billows arm'd
Had overborne him (nought his strength avail'd,
Or courage) had not *Vulcan* interpos'd
And sav'd the sinking chief. Him *Vulcan* sav'd;
But to our hero's suff'rings and distress

The

The Gods were deaf, nor Heav'n would interpose :
 Yet in this peril, sad extremity,
 He, from extremity receiving strength,
 Strove thro' the flood, and on the vessel's brim
 Crawl'd silent, greatly glorying to have 'scap'd
 The deadly brine. And now kind flatt'rer, Hope,
 With gentle dawn of joy assures escape.
 Assurance vain ! *Buckram* from first to last
 Discern'd him, seeming not, and with a smile
 Mingled with rage, half smile, half frown, " In vain
 " You struggle, simple fool ; vain are your hopes
 " Of 'scaping death again. Once 'scap'd, your life
 " Is forfeit to my rage ; and be assur'd the forfeit
 " You shall pay. Should Mercy smile,
 " And prompt to save thee, yet desire of fame,
 " And

“ And a new title purchas’d by thy death,
“ Of which my eager soul conceives warm hopes;
“ Will stifle mercy; therefore thou shalt die,
“ Glory determines it.” He said, and seiz’d
With hand relentless the half-dead wretch (of chance
Example sad) and on his deadly nail,
His broad thumb nail, extended him, of hope
Devoid, for death prepar’d, not suppliant now,
But dauntless and resolv’d. With fatal crush
’Twixt nails conjoin’d, *Sartoria*’s cruel son
Prest his ill-fated captive, who, convuls’d
With agonizing pain, roll’d his wild eyes,
And with a dreadful crack indignant left
The face of day, and sought the shades below.
Not more reluctant fled the realm of light

Th’

Th' unhappy *Turnus*, when *Anchises'* son,
Rous'd into wrath at sight of *Pallas'* belt,
Disastrous badge ! transfix'd him to the earth,
“ And the disdainful soul came rushing thro' the
“ wound.”

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.